The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* January *will be noticed in the* February *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th February *in the* March *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

Those interested in the progress of the great Oxford English Dictionary will be glad to hear that, by the first week of December, the whole of the letter D was in type. This involved tremendous pressure upon the staff, and the editor himself, Dr. Murray, for three months worked uninterruptedly for eighty or ninety hours a week! The section Do— to the end was found to be exceptionally difficult; and the whole letter D required about two and a half years' work; but then Co— alone took two whole years, and there is no heavy letter now ahead until they come to P, which is one of the three "giants." The whole of E has long since been published, and Mr. Henry Bradley, the other editor, who works in London, is now slowly toiling through F (published as far as Flex—). His next volume will be F and G, but the Oxford staff hope, ere it appears, to have issued Vol. V., which will be made up of H, I, J, K. The first proofs of the Dictionary were sent to press so long ago as the middle of 1882. *Hic labor, hoc opus est!*

Our contemporary, the New York *Critic*, contained recently a very interesting article by Mr. Locke Richardson, in which he ingeniously interpreted a difficult passage of Shakespeare. It will be remembered that in the description of Falstaff's death, we have the words "a babbled of green fields," if we accept Theobald's reading. Mr. Richardson suggests that Falstaff was "mustering his waning powers in an effort to die a fair death after repeating, in broken and half-audible accents, verses learned in childhood:—

> "'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil.'

So in 'green fields' we recognise the 'green pastures' of David, and with the recognition comes a strain of pathos in Falstaff's dying hour which no hand but Shakespeare's could have infused." Mr. Richardson deserves much credit for his ingenuity, but his suggestion is not new. In the "Library Shakespeare" with Notes Critical and Explanatory, by Samuel Neil, Hon. President of the Edinburgh Shakespeare Society, vol. iii., p. 12 (London: William Mackenzie, 1876), there is the following note:—"This gives a special Shakespearean touch to Falstaff's death. His mind appears to have wandered through the darkness till a little streak of light glimmered out from his memory of his childhood's lessons. Here we are shown the repentant dying man looking of the light of the twenty-third Psalm, 'He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.' And the kindly meant comfort given to him as he so 'babbled,' as well as the satisfaction felt in recounting it, is quite characteristic. So the old dame weeps womanly tears for the departed, while even the graceless Pistol sympathising says, 'Go! clear thy crystals.'" Mr. Neil is one of the most original and learned of living literary students, and has received no adequate recognition.

We are very sorry to hear that Mr. Philip James Bailey, the venerable author of "Festus," has lost his devoted wife. Mrs. Bailey was acquainted with her husband from childhood, and her whole interest was in him and his work. Nothing pleased her so much as to have his great book recognised, and she was always willing to do anything that might help it forward.

Mr. Emerson, the chairman of Isbister and Co., Limited, has died after a long period of ill-health. He is succeeded in the chairmanship by Sir James King, Bart.

We understand that Mr. William Morris inherited £50,000. He has only increased this sum by £5,000. He was exceedingly charitable, especially to French refugees, and his losses on the Kelmscott Press amounted to a considerable sum.

It is reported—but we do not vouch for the truth of the rumours—that the *Daily News* is to start a halfpenny morning paper, and the *Daily Telegraph* a halfpenny evening paper.

We understand that Mr. Louis Zangwill, who writes under the pseudonym "Z. Z.," is writing a short mystery serial for the *Evening Sun* under its new management.

A new threepenny non-illustrated fiction magazine, entitled the *Bouverie*, will be started in February by Mr. Neville Beemon.

The title of Mr. Crockett's next book is to be "Lads' Love," the pretty local and provincial name of the sweet-scented wormwood called "Southernwood," and which was always taken to church in Scotland down to a late date as a specific against the ravages of sleep and long sermons. We presume that Mr. Crockett means to tell us by his title that his new story concerns itself with that difficult phase of lovemaking before love comes to take "empire for life." Mr. Crockett's characters (as may be seen from the early chapters of the tale in the first two numbers of the *Lady's Realm*) are Galloway farmers' sons and daughters, and the period is apparently about fifty years ago.

It is somewhat curious that only part of the story will appear in the *Lady's Realm*, owing to previous time arrangements for the issue of "Lads' Love" as a book. But the story as it appears in serial form is *not* a condensation, as

has been stated in error, but the first book of the three into which the tale is divided. "Lads' Love" is the first story of love and character which Mr. Crockett has written since the "Lilac Sunbonnet," which has been at once the most praised, the best abused, and certainly by far the most popular of all his books, especially in America.

Mr. Barrie's speech at the Stevenson meeting in Edinburgh was quaint, charming, and full of unexpected turns. Everything he said was understood and applauded—only his allusion to Emily Brontë fell quite cold on the great audience. "But I thought it was Charlotte who wrote 'Jane Eyre'?" was a question overheard (on the platform, too). "Oh, Emily was Charlotte's *second* name!" was the very satisfactory explanation whispered back to the objector.

On the whole, from a literary point of view, the best speech was that of Mr. Sidney Colvin. It was graceful, enthusiastic, full of deep knowledge and sympathy—little less than a masterpiece of condensation and point. It was a pity that no one was there to explain to non-Stevensonians the vast claims of Mr. Colvin upon any audience assembled to do honour to Robert Louis Stevenson.

Lord Rosebery was, as usual, excellent, laboured a little, but of infinite jest, and showing keen and real appreciation of his author. Some of his judgments were severe, that on "Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll," as he said first—a nightmare allegory, the ex-Premier thought it. Then came his epigram about "The Master of Ballantrae," which made Mr. Barrie positively wince—"the struggle between a maniac and a devil, written by a coward." But it was a fine, even a great speech. Among other faces on the platform were to be seen those of Mr. Taylor Innes, Mr. Gabriel Setoun, Mr. John Geddie, of the *Scotsman*, author of a recent charming book on the "Scottish Balladists." Mr. Crockett was present, but though called upon by the audience, could not be persuaded to speak.

Messrs. Innes contemplate publishing before long the second volume in their new Series of Sporting books. This is to be called "Ice Sports," and will consist of articles upon Figure Skating, Speed Skating, Tobogganing, Curling, and Ice Yachting. The tobogganing article is written by that clever young author, Mr. Theodore Cook, whose brilliant studies in French literature have won for him already no little renown. Mr. Cook has now decided to devote himself definitely to journalism, and is coming to London for that purpose. It is not forgotten, of course, that he rowed in the Oxford Eight in the year 1890.

Mr. Lang is at St. Andrews. His "Life of Lockhart" has been very successful, the whole large imprint having been sold by Mr. Nimmo, the enterprising publisher, which, at the high price of 32s., says a great deal for the interest of the book. We fancy, however, that more people were interested in the charming style of the biographer than in his subject.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is said to be meditating the publication in book form of another volume of stories, to be selected from those which have appeared in various periodicals during the last two years.

Mr. William Michael Rossetti sailed for Australia a day or two before Christmas, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Rossetti, for the benefit of whose health the voyage is being taken.

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose "Five Years on the Congo" was one of the best books we have had about Central Africa, is writing a series of sketches of life in mid-African villages. He possesses quite unique qualifications for such a task. Few living men know as much about the Congo as Mr. Herbert Ward. It is often forgotten that the part he played in the Stanley Expedition was a mere incident in his long and adventurous career in the deathlands. He writes of a life which very few Englishman have seen, and is able to illustrate his work with sketches of unusual merit.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has, we hear, commissioned Mr. Allen Upward to write a new serial for publication in *To-Day*, some time in the course of next year. Although very much urged to continue his very successful series of stories entitled "Secrets of the Courts of Europe," Mr. Upward has decided not to do so, at any rate in the meantime.

Mr. Percy White, the author of "Mr. Bailey-Martin," has gone with Mrs. White for a six months' holiday on the Continent. He will probably make his headquarters at Genoa.

There seems to be every probability that Mr. Edward Rose's adaptation from Mr. Weyman's "Under the Red Robe" will run at the Haymarket at any rate until the end of July next. It was originally intended that the play should be produced in New York on the 5th of January, but we hear as we go to press that the date has been advanced, and that it is now to be produced on the 28th of December. Mr. Charles Frohman, under whose management the play is being put on in New York, recently sent an emissary over to this country to study all the details of the piece as played at the Haymarket.

Messrs. Bliss, Sands and Co. will shortly publish a new novel from the pen of Mr. Riccardo Stephens, whose "Conversations with Mrs. De la Rue Smythe" have attracted so much attention in the *Westminster Gazette*. We shall be interested to see whether "Conversations with Mrs. De la Rue Smythe" are to be the forerunners of such a success as were "The Dolly Dialogues," also published originally in the *Westminster Gazette*.

Mr. Fisher Unwin has found it necessary, owing to the busy nature of the season, to hold over some books which were intended to be published in 1896. One of these is Dr. J. G. Bourinot's "Story of Canada," in "The Story of the Nations" series. The history is traced from 1497 to 1891. The struggle for dominion between the British and French, which is a special feature of Canadian history in contrast with our other English-speaking colonies, gives a special and fascinating interest to the book. It is fully illustrated, both from rare volumes and present-day ones, and has a bibliography attached. Dr. Bourinot was recently created a C.M.G. He is clerk to the Canadian House of Commons, author of several works on the constitution and history of Canada, and Hon. Secretary of the Royal Society of that country.

Mr. Fisher Unwin will definitely publish in the course of

this month a book of which there has been much talk, culminating in an article by Mr. Andrew Lang. It is "The Lives of Twelve Bad Women," reviews of feminine turpitude set forth by impartial hands and edited by Mr. Arthur Vincent. Mr. Lang correctly surmised that the notorious Mrs. Brownrigg would find a place in this portrait gallery. But he prophesied incorrectly in one or two cases through not being aware that the book would be confined to English heroines of the black order. The ladies treated include Alice Ferrers, King Edward the Third's favourite, Frances Howard, Countess of Somerset, who caused Sir Thomas Overbury to be foully poisoned in prison, the gay Duchess of Cleveland, Barbara Villiers, and Mary Bateman, the Yorkshire witch, whose tongue, dried and preserved, might have been purchased for 7s. 6d. (the price may have gone up since). The book is illustrated with portraits of several of the subjects.

Messrs. Hutchinson will publish early in the New Year a new novel by Miss Adeline Sergeant, entitled "The Idol Maker"; a long three volume work of fiction by Mr. Algernon Gissing, called "The Scholar of Bygate"; and a new novel by Frederic Breton, author of "God Forsaken," entitled "The Black Masses."

We are sorry to hear that the *Tatler*, the literary daily that was issued by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, of New York, has died after an existence of less than a fortnight.

Mr. Max Pemberton's "Christine of the Hills," which has been running serially through a syndicate of weekly newspapers, will be issued in book form in the early spring in this country by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co. We understand, by the bye, that Mr. Pemberton is Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.'s literary adviser in London.

Mr. S. Levett Yeats has recently completed the MS. of a new short story entitled "A Legend of Vibrac." It is not perhaps generally known that Mr. S. Levett Yeats is in the Indian Civil Service. Owing to greatly increased duties in connection with the Indian famine, his literary output has been very small lately.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have commissioned Mr. Headon Hill to write a new serial story for publication in one of their numerous periodicals during next year.

Mr. Eden Phillpott's new novel, "Lying Prophets," is to be published by Messrs. A. D. Innes and Co., on January the 12th. This book is said to mark a very great advance on Mr. Phillpott's previous work. It is largely a study of women, and much of it is unquestionably powerful.

Mr. A. H. Atteridge, who represented the *Daily Chronicle* in the Soudan, has brought back an extraordinary collection of photographs of the various engagements and of camp life during the recent Egyptian Campaign. These form the basis of a book upon the War, which is to be published early in January.

"On the Nile with a Camera" is the title of an interesting book of travels by Mr. Anthony Wilkin which Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish this month. The author was fortunate in being on the Nile shortly after the commencement of the recent Soudan campaign, and obtained a large number of photographs. He has selected one hundred of these. His aim is to illustrate the somewhat arid pages of the guide books.

Mr. Henry Ochiltree, whose "Redburn," published last year, called forth such very favourable reviews, has now completed the MS. of a new novel, which he has entitled "Out of her Shroud." This new story will be published in the early spring in this country by Messrs. A. and C. Black, and in America by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co.

The proprietors of the *Navy and Army Illustrated* have decided, commencing with the new year, to increase the size of their paper and run a serial story. The story with which they commence this innovation is Mr. J. Bloundelle Burton's "Across the Salt Seas."

Readers who have made the acquaintance of the Rev. Frederick Langbridge's novel, "The Dreams of Dania," which has been running in the *Leisure Hour*, will be interested to know that the story will shortly be published in book form by Mr. James Bowden. Mr. Langbridge, who is the rector of S. John's, Limerick, is the author of two very successful books of ballads—"Sent Back by the Angels" and "A Cracked Fiddle"—but "The Dreams of Dania" will come as a surprise to his readers, being entirely a new departure for him. It was in the *Leisure Hour* that Mr. Stanley Weyman's "The House of the Wolf" appeared, and at a time when the author was practically unknown.

"Mayne Lindsay," whose stories of Indian life, which have appeared lately in *Pearson's Magazine*, the *Windsor Magazine*, and other periodicals, have attracted considerable attention, is, we learn, the *nom-de-plume* adopted by a Miss Hopkins. Her first book, in which these stories have been collected, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., and it is predicted that the volume will at once make a mark.

"Captain Shannon," Mr. Kernahan's novel, which has been running in the *Windsor Magazine*, will be issued by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. in book form early in February. The volume is illustrated by Mr. F. S. Wilson, and is dedicated to Lady Seton. The same publishers will issue, immediately after Christmas, Mr. Kernahan's story, "A Literary Gent," in booklet form. It first appeared in "A Book of Strange Sins."

Messrs. McClure, of New York, have, we hear, succeeded in getting Mr. Henry Seton Merriman to promise to write some two or three short stories for publication in their magazine during next year.

Miss Ada Cambridge has arranged to publish through Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., early in the spring, a new volume of short stories, to which she has given the general title of "In the Dead of Night."

Mr. Anthony Hope has written a short story entitled "The Necessary Resources" for publication in an early number of *Cosmopolis*.

The editor of *Cosmopolis*, as a result of a recent visit to St. Petersburg, has secured permission, not only for the free

distribution of the magazine in Russia, but also for the addition of a Russian supplement, whereby *Cosmopolis* will be a review of four languages, instead of trilingual as it is at present.

Miss Norma Lorrimer, the authoress of "A Sweet Disorder," published not long since by Messrs. Methuen and Co., and very favourably noticed, has ready a new novel.

Mr. A. C. Harmsworth is taking a holiday, and has gone to India. We hear that he has a book in preparation, which will be published in the spring or autumn of next year.

Mr. Roger Pocock, the author of "Rottenness," etc., is the brother of Miss "Lena Ashwell," the well-known actress, now Mrs. Arthur Playfair.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

NOVEMBER 23 TO DECEMBER 19, 1896.

Encouraging accounts of the state of business are being received on all hands, making it evident that the booksellers are sharing in the general improvement of trade, which appears to be universal. So far as can be judged it is better than it has been for some years past, notwithstanding the low prices that reduction in the cost of paper and printing have produced. Orders from abroad are not quite so heavy, but this is usually the case at the close of the year.

The 6s. novel still holds its own. "On the Face of the Waters" and "The Sign of the Cross" are at present leading, the former being slightly in advance of the latter.

The output of Fairy Tales for the children is this year very noticeable from its volume and diversity. Old and new, English and foreign, grotesque or moderately possible, all are being eagerly purchased in good numbers. With the boys Henty is the prime favourite, and Mrs. Molesworth with her "Oriel Window" retains her long-enjoyed popularity.

Reprints of well-known authors, illustrated by leading artists, such as Thomson, Brock, and Sullivan, are in great demand. "Sense and Sensibility," "Pride and Prejudice," and "Thackeray's Ballads" are among the more prominent of this description.

The annual volumes of the leading juvenile magazines, especially *Chatterbox*, *Sunday Reading for the Young*, the *Boy's Own Paper*, and the *Girl's Own Paper* are selling by hundreds.

The promotion of the Bishop of Peterborough to the See of London has stimulated the enquiry for his publications. His "Heritage of the Spirit" is a distinct success. Canon Gore's "Sermon on the Mount" is also freely taken up.

The business in Almanacks, Diaries, Pocket Books, and similar productions is very brisk, but the rush always comes with the New Year, when telegrams and urgent letters arrive in showers.

New books and new editions are somewhat reduced in number during the past month, as they well may be. It is noticeable, however, that considerable numbers have been brought out a few days only before Christmas. Surely they would have stood a better chance of being disposed of if delivered a few weeks earlier. No bookseller should miss reading an article dealing with his craft in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century*.

The quantity of Christmas numbers dealt with this year is greater than ever, they having passed through the wholesale houses by tons' weight.

Among magazines it is noticeable that the *Woman at Home* is the favourite of its kind, many rivals notwithstanding. The leading magazines frequently referred to still maintain their positions.

Subjoined is the usual list of the public's choice from among the hundreds of books submitted to it. As has often been stated, the final selection is a somewhat difficult task, but it has been duly and carefully made, and the following is the result :—

On the Face of the Waters. By F. A. Steel. 6s.
Marm Liza. By K. D. Wiggin. 6s.
The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman, 6s.
The Sign of the Cross. By W. Barrett. 6s.
Tom Brown's Schooldays. Illustrated. 6s.
School for Scandal. By R. B. Sheridan. Illustrated. 6s.
Tales of the Alhambra. By W. Irving. Illustrated. 6s.
Joan Seaton. By M. Beaumont. 4s. 6d. net.
Kitty the Rag. By "Rita." 6s.
The Great White Queen. By W. Le Queux. 6s.
Henty's 5s. and 6s. books for boys.
Emma. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Pride and Prejudice. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Sense and Sensibility. By Jane Austen. Illustrated. 6s.
Margaret Ogilvy. By J. M. Barrie. 6s.
Kipling's books, especially Seven Seas. 6s.
Doctor Nikola. By Guy Boothby. 5s.
A Lady of Quality. By F. H. Burnett. 6s.
A Child of the Jago. By A. Morrison. 6s.
The Missing Prince. By G. E. Farrow. 5s.
Butter-Scotia. By E. A. Parry. 6s.
The Murder of Delicia. By Marie Corelli. 5s.
Rodney Stone. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
The Oriel Window. By Mrs. Molesworth. 4s. 6d.
Thackeray's Ballads. Illustrated. 6s.
Our Seven Homes. By Mrs. R. Charles. 7s. 6d.
Hazell's Annual. 3s. 6d.
Animal Story Book. By A. Lang. 6s.
Browning's Poems. 2 vols. 7s. 6d. each.
My Long Life. By M. C. Clarke. 7s. 6d.
The Heritage of the Spirit. By Bishop Creighton. 3s. 6d.
The Sermon on the Mount. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending

Nov. 28, 1896.—Trade a little easier, both home and foreign.
Dec. 5, " —A very heavy week in the home departments. Foreign and Colonial unchanged.
" 12, " —Trade continues very brisk and orders heavy. Colonial and foreign orders a little better.
" 19, " —The heaviest week of the year, business being carried on at the highest pressure. Foreign and Colonial departments not quite so busy.

POETRY.

A CHRISTMASSE REDE.

Full cleare and bright this Christmasse night range Fieldes of Heaven fire-sown,
But beame from Starre fled ne'er so far as mine heart's Light hath flowne,
Since kyndest eyes beneath yon skies fell darke, and left me lone.
Ah Mary blest, on Kyngly Quest wyse men had misst their way,
But evermore they sawe before a starre of soothfast Raye,
And followed till its Lampe stood stille where He who lyt it lay.
Suche Light to friend, theyr Search had ende: nowe mine doth but beginne;
Yet, Mother sweet, may wanderyng feete anigh thy Mansion winne,
Above that Roofe no star for Proofe neede shine to guide them in,
If kyndest eyes in olden wise smile softe to bid mee lerne
That Love, the flowre of Earth's dim howre, hath found a Bowre eterne;
Shall burne rose-red whyle stars be sped; tho' stars dropt dead, woulde burne.

JANE BARLOW.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE election of M. André Theuriet to one of the vacant fauteuils at the French Academy—which was predicted by me some months ago, when I was refuting the possibility of Emile Zola's election—has given satisfaction in Paris. This satisfaction might be described as universal, but for the fact that a few of the "precious" order of writers have openly manifested their displeasure at the action of the Immortals. Some of these gentlemen took advantage of the *déjeuner* given in honour of the new Academician by the staff of *Le Journal* to mark this displeasure and stayed away, although specially invited. It is an unfortunate fact, which has been commented upon, that Emile Zola was of their number, unfortunate because one knows Zola well enough to say that *pique* had nothing to do with his absence, whatever the boulevard cynics may suggest. The *déjeuner* was a great success. Over one hundred notable writers sat down to it, and all honour was paid by them to M. Theuriet. It is an interesting fact to those of us who combine journalism with *belles-lettres*, that as much honour was paid to Theuriet the journalist as to Theuriet the poet, novelist, and Academician. In England it is the impertinent custom of writers who have no capacity for the rapid production of journalism to speak with curious contempt of this side of literary activity, and to arrogate to themselves a superiority which in no degree exists. In France the man of letters is a journalist first and a poet and novelist afterwards. One cannot name a single writer of distinction in France who has not gained this distinction in the first place in journalism. And it was to Theuriet as a journalist that the honour of the grand *déjeuner* at Cubat's was paid. In his answer to the speech to his health, the new Academician admitted the debt he owed to the exercise of his pen as a journalist since the day, five years ago, when he was asked to contribute periodically to *Le Journal*. "When, five years ago," he said, "you asked me" (this to the editor who had proposed his health) "to become a contributor, I doubted my capacity; I was frightened of the regular work of a *chroniqueur*. When a man has spent the best part of his life in roaming the forests, he becomes something of a wild man, and hesitates before entering on the militant life of journalism. You forced me to leave my forest, and you were right in so doing. Periodical contact with the ever-growing public of *Le Journal*, the sympathies with which I have felt myself surrounded, have strengthened me, have given me more courage to once again enter the arena for academical honours." Here we have a French Academician, a poet and novelist of highest distinction, who having, in his old age, taken to journalism, admits in public the debt he owes to this exercise of his pen. His speech should for ever close the mouth of the impertinent *précieux ridicules* who affect to speak of journalism and journalists with disdain.

André Theuriet is a most sympathetic man, whose life has been a romance, a romance which it better befits to leave untold. For many years a Government official, he has recently retired to live a quiet life with the heroine of his romance—his wife—at Bourg-la-Reine. Of this commune he has been elected mayor, and takes his office and duties *au grand sérieux*. He is never so happy as when marrying couples, carrying out in real life the *dénouements* of his many novels. In politics he is a fervid Radical, but so innocuously that the "Dukes' party" at the Academy had no hesitation in giving him their votes. There has not been a more popular election to the French Academy for many years.

Of M. Vandal, who was elected at the same time, but little is known, except that his father was one of the ablest Postmasters-General who have sat in a French Ministry. As many stories are told about his performances in this capacity in Paris, as in London are told of Lord John Manners in the same capacity.

There is nothing new to be said about the way in which Emile Zola has accepted his defeat. His line of conduct was described long ago; he is following it with his usual tenacity of purpose. He is the perpetual candidate, and seems to enjoy the part. In the meanwhile he is hard at work on his new novel, "Paris," which will first appear in serial form in *Le Journal*. "None of my novels," he says about this book, "will give the same impression of *life* as this one; crowds and individuals will pass through its pages; very numerous will be the characters who will elbow each other. 'Paris' will be like a vat full of fermenting liquor, a seething vat. The intellectual life of Paris, its manual life, the Palais Bourbon, the magistracy, literary life, artists, and all persons and things who make up the life of our great city will be represented." He does not expect to finish this book till the middle of next year.

Jules Verne has won his case, and M. Turpin, the inventor of mélinite, has been non-suited in his action for damages and cast in costs. Turpin imagined that Verne had pourtrayed him in one of his recent novels. The text of the judgment, non-suiting the plaintiff, is interesting inasmuch as it establishes the right—in the eye of the French law—of the novelist to draw his characters and his incidents from life. "Seeing that," runs the judgment of the magistrates of the 9th Chamber of Correctional Police, "a novelist cannot be forbidden to draw inspiration from notorious facts and from well-known personalities, for the purposes of a work of imagination, or to transport into the realms of fancy certain public characters, certain public events; that if novelists and dramatic authors were not allowed to draw their characters from real life, from things which have actually occurred, to draw inspiration from the sight of some great act or shameful crime, for the purpose of arousing admiration or abhorrence in the hearts of the public, it would become necessary to forbid the publication of novels and to close the theatres . . ."

A very sensible judgment, which might be meditated upon to advantage by our lawyers in England; at the same time a judgment which professes scepticism as to the existence of creative imagination, pure and simple.

According to Mr. Louis Baltifol, Louis XIII. of France was the "oldest reporter" of whom French history makes mention. Here is another feather in the cap of journalism. There exist, as a fact, at the National Library in Paris, some thirty-two manuscripts in the king's handwriting, which are nothing more nor less than "special reports" of various military operations, which were duly published in Renaudot's *Gazette*. Renaudot, by the way, was the founder of the French Mont-de-Piété system. His statue stands opposite

the Palais de Justice. The kingly "copy" was abominable, both in grammar and spelling, and had to be carefully sub-edited, first by a secretary named Lucas, and afterwards by Richelieu. On one occasion the king in describing the siege of Corbie had written some lines in praise of Richelieu. These he afterwards deleted in the "copy." Richelieu simply wrote a *stet* against the deleted passage, which, in consequence, duly appeared in the *Gazette*.

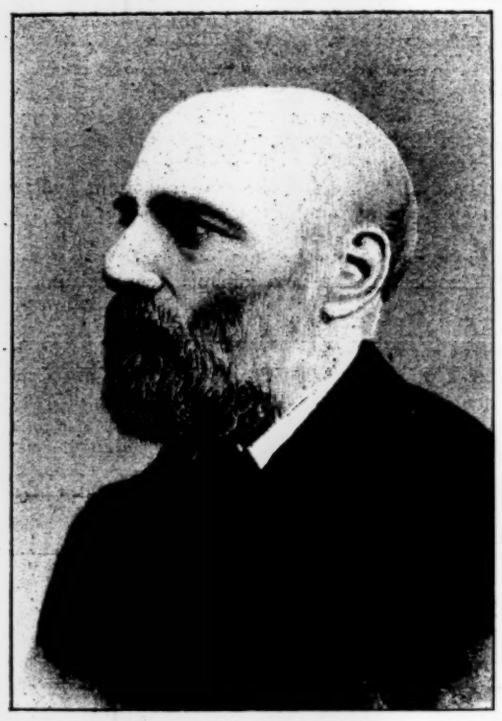
I am sorry to hear that the finances of the *Société des Gens de Lettres* are not in a very prosperous condition, and that owing to the constant diminution in the rates of interest obtainable by investment, the granting of old-age pensions to necessitous members is becoming each year a more difficult matter. Thus ten years ago a pension of £20 could be assured by the investment of 8,000 francs. To-day, to assure even this small income, a capital sum of at least 16,500 francs is required. It is to be hoped that the matinée given by the Society in aid of this fund, on December 15th last, may have been productive of good results. The programme was certainly a most attractive one.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. J. MARSHALL MATHER.

THE author of "The Sign of the Wooden Shoon," one of the truest and most pathetic interpretations of the character of a locality which has been published since this



MR. J. MARSHALL MATHER.

kind of thing grew common in fiction, was born in 1851. His father's family came from Toxteth, Liverpool, and some of them settled early with the Puritans in America. His mother is of Scottish extraction. Mr. Mather, the son of a Nonconformist minister, spent his boyhood and youth in Lincoln, where he was educated, and pupiled to a firm of architects, spending many hours in sketching and other work at the Cathedral. He is now a minister, and his ministerial life, with the exception of two years, has been spent in Lancashire—fifteen years being given to a moorland pastorate, Rossendale, where he lived face to face with a rugged individualism which has moulded his whole life.

His first venture in literature was "The Life and Teachings of John Ruskin." This is now appearing in its fifth edition. He also brought out two volumes on "Rambles round Rossendale," and a work on the "Poets of the Nineteenth Century." "Lancashire Idylls" had its birth when Mr. Silas Hocking took the editorship of the *Family Circle*. He had heard Mr. Mather tell the stories, and persuaded him to commit them to paper, and to his care. Afterwards they were brought out in volume form by Messrs. Warne. "The Wooden Shoon" was not written to order, but because of a passion that was on him to speak for the folk whom he had learned to love.

Mr. Mather considers that his chief literary master has been Ruskin, and next to him, Newman. His work has been called too sombre, but it is the fruit of his own experiences. He knows the poor, and he knows the sorrowful, and poverty and sadness are naturally prominent in his stories. But they are relieved and varied by his acquaintance with the occasionally boisterous operative and farmer of N.E. Lancashire.

THE READER.

MARGARET OGILVY.*

BY HER SON, J. M. BARRIE.

THIS little book is like a tune sounding from a long way off, and appealing to our hearts with a sweet ripple of accompanying filial laughter and motherly humour withal. Although it is called by the name of the writer, and that of his mother, it is anonymous in so far that it concerns many mothers and many sons; it goes into few details, but by a series of gentle impressions and shocks of sympathy it produces its effects.

As one tries to remember the tributary cairns raised by filial pride and tenderness to a parent's memory, it is almost a surprise to find how easily one can count them up. How few there are which have set their mark in our minds. It is not enough even for a mother to lavish affection upon a child in order to make that feeling interesting to others; it requires two for mutual love, and to strike that happy responding chord which mutual love creates. Also, there should be a touch of humour, even in the deepest affections, to set other people at their ease; for humour means the admitting of other and wider sympathy. Madame de Sévigné herself, that celebrated mother, is more loved for her own charming sake perhaps than for her devotion to her unrequiting daughter. There are also St. Augustine and his mother, but they seem a little beyond our reach as we look at their picture over the chimney-piece. Carlyle would have been delightful with his mother if he had been a little less prejudiced in her favour; but he was too disproportionate in his feelings for us to be able to sympathise with him quite comfortably.

* "Margaret Ogilvy." By her Son, J. M. Barrie. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The small book before us is all the more interesting because of its due proportions and the sweet and convincing relations between the gentle, understanding parent and her son; and yet this is a state of things not so very rare, though rarely written down. Let us be thankful that simple links forged by life itself are common enough, after all. Death does not darken them, for they shine beyond death, nor does long use weary, for they are always new and always renewed, and as much a part of the giver and the taker as the beat of their very hearts.

Of the Barrie home itself and the house in the small red city in Scotland very little is told us.

"On the day I was born we bought six hair-bottom chairs," says Mr. Barrie, "and in our little house it was an event. . . . I so often heard the tale afterwards, and shared as boy and man in so many similar triumphs that the coming of the chairs seems to be something I remember as if I had jumped out of bed on that first day and run down to see how they looked." So he begins his story, and in the same simple fashion it continues to the end. The mother had many children to love her; some of them were older than the son who now writes. There is a touching letter quoted about the death of a little sister, who had been sent away to her grandfather's care.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.
(From a photograph taken in Northampton, Mass., October, 1896.)

The grandfather died, says Mr. Barrie, "exactly a week after writing this letter, but my mother was to live another forty-four years, and joys of a kind never shared in by him were to come to her so abundantly, so long drawn out, that strange as it would have seemed to him to know it, her fuller life had scarce begun; and with the joys were to come their sweet, frightened comrades, pain and grief."

It is not fair to the short book to quote, as one would like to do, page after page, in which the story is told by a sort of heavenly algebra, a few signs doing duty for all the unknown quantities of living, hoping, fearing, loving. It is the quiet housewife, the thoughtful mother, who discerns what is yet unknown in the mind of the growing boy. "The wench I should have been courting now was journalism," he says, "that grisette of literature, who has a smile and a hand for all beginners;" and how charming is the account of the way in which he abandons "leaders" for something more personal to himself and his native land. There is the delightful story of the first success in literature. "There came to me, as unlooked for as a telegram, the thought that there was something quaint about my native place. A boy who found that a knife had been put into his pocket in the night could not have been more surprised. . . . When I sent off that first sketch I thought I had exhausted the subject, but our editor wrote that he would like something more of the same sort, so I sent him a marriage, and he took it, and then I tried him with a funeral, and he took it, and really it began to look as if we had him."

His mother was alarmed lest the editor should have been mistaken. "She wanted to know by return of post whether I was paid for these articles as much as I was paid for real articles; when she heard that I was paid better, she laughed again and had them out of the bandbox for re-reading, and it cannot be denied that she thought the London editor a fine fellow but slightly soft. . . . How well I could hear her saying between the lines: 'But the editor-man will never stand that.'"

Then comes the delightful advice from the mother to her son as to how he was to behave himself in London.

"I went laden with charges, to walk in the middle of the street (they jump out on you as you are turning a corner), never to venture forth after sunset—and always to lock up everything (I who could never lock up anything, except my heart in company)."

His mother—who used as a little girl to carry her father's mid-day meal into the fields—loved books and literature as any lady might who had never anything else to think about. Of course she read all that "James" wrote, "and in so far as my articles were concerned, she nearly always laughed in the wrong place," says her son. He describes her long day of toil and thought:

"As daylight goes she follows it with her sewing to the window, and gets another needleful out of it, as one may run after a departed visitor for a last word; but now the gas is lit, and no longer is it shameful to sit down to literature. If the book be a story by George Eliot or Mrs. Oliphant—her favourites (and mine) among women

novelists—or if it be a Carlyle, and we move softly, she will read, entranced, for hours. Her delight in Carlyle was so well-known that various good people would send her books that contained a page about him. She could place her finger on any passage wanted on the biography as promptly as though she were looking for some article in her own drawer, and given a date she was often able to tell you what they were doing in Cheyne Row that day. Carlyle, she decided, was not so much an ill man to live with as one who needed a deal of managing, but when I asked if she thought she could have managed him, she only replied with a modest smile that meant 'Oh no!' but had the face of 'Sal, I would have liked to try.'"

"There were times, she held, when Carlyle must have made his wife a glorious woman.

"'As when?' I might enquire.

"'When she keeked in at his study door and said to herself, "The whole world is ringing with his fame, and he is my man!"'

"'And then,' I might point out, 'he would roar to her to shut the door.'

"'Pooh!' said my mother, 'a man's roar is neither here nor there.' But her verdict as a whole was, 'I would rather have been his mother than his wife.'"

Nor can we omit to quote the sentence about Gladstone. Gladstone was, and there was an end of it in her practical philosophy.

"I would have liked fine to be that Gladstone's mother," she says.

Of the making of books there is no end, and of the reading thereof. There are the dull, the vulgar, the silly books; there are the books which, as we have said, have music in them, and sing to us. There are some books, again which feed the hungry, and some which seem to take one by the hand, at times, and to pull one up out of the slough of despondency. There are also, and this has been proved, the books which are infectious, infectious with morbid fever and impatience, with ugly, selfish fancies, with hatred of order and cleanly ways and decorum. The literature of the lower Self is all the vogue just now, and comes pouring with the rest along the great stream that carries so many of us along with it, as we cling to our boards and rafts, to our volumes, branded, decorated and labelled. But who will deny that in the great up-surging of print, among all these repetitions and platitudes and shrieking defiances and voluble repetitions, there are certain voices speaking alone straight from the heart, and reaching to ours. This voice tells of a quality which has been among us all from the beginning of time, and which will not cease while humanity endures, for it is the tender force which binds generations together.

So it happens that in this little book of "Margaret Ogilvy" we come upon a most original, humorous elegy of tender sobs and laughter, which I think few among us could listen to unrespondingly. This history of a mother's tender pride in her gifted son, of his love for her, is happily a very old one, but it is so newly and sweetly told that as one reads, it seems almost like a discovery that parents and their children are living round about us loving and trusting in each other still.

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE.

LIVING CRITICS.

X.—PROFESSOR EDWARD DOWDEN.

PROFESSOR DOWDEN was one of those happy men born in the academic purple. After winning such distinctions as an University could bestow on aspiring youth, he stepped at an absurdly early age from the schools to the chair, and to a lifetime of learned and laborious leisure. Wisely enough—though in these hotbed days the wisdom be all too rare—he was in no hurry to publish until he became conscious of maturity. Appointed in 1867 to the twin chairs of Oratory and English Literature in Trinity College, Dublin, he gave some ten years to the amassing of erudition and the sharpening of his critical steel. The fruits of this restraint are evident in his first book, a somewhat epoch-making study, as it has proved, of the Mind and Art of Shakespeare. Since then he has continued to write with equable and unflagging industry. He has paid tribute to the Muses with a volume of poems; he has given us the final and official life of Shelley; he has contributed to the Men of Letters series a less ambitious sketch of Southey; he has edited Shelley, Wordsworth, the Lyrical Ballads and Shakespeare's Sonnets, and has found time to put together three volumes of essays, which cover an astonishingly wide field in English, French, and German literature. By preference he has occupied himself with the classics: Shakespeare, Spenser, Marlowe, Milton, Goethe, Victor Hugo, George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, above all, the great poets of the beginning of the century; these are among the principal subjects of his studies. From the ephemeral divinities of our modern adoration, or from anything that savoured of mere reviewing, he has taken some care to hold aloof; a singularly appreciative essay on the poetry of Mr. Robert Bridges need stand as no exception. Browning, one fancies, is to him the last of the masters, the last whose thought has woven itself into his being, and whose cadences rise familiarly to his lips, as the thought and the cadences of the Epigoni, of those who come to us after a certain period in our life, can never do.

Circumstances and temperament have tempted and enabled Professor Dowden to take his work seriously. He has not spared his pains, either in the scholarly ingathering and ordering of material, or in the effort to attain to the standpoint of that higher scholarship, to which alone a single critical theme presents itself in its true perspective and proportions. He is the one amongst our distinguished critics who brings most comfort to those who would fain regard English literature as a subject for methodical study and research. For no one, I suppose, would claim that as a nation we take the study of our literature very seriously. We philander with it; we write reviews and string them into treatises; we wrap up our ignorances in honeyed paragraphs: we have elegant essayists in abundance, but rarely a scholar. For that minute, detailed pioneer-work which must lie at the root of all serious achievement in criticism or in literary history we have no taste and no method. Our Universities refuse to occupy themselves with the subject; the antiquarian editions of our early poets are in many cases a disgrace to the book-shelf; we have not a single periodical to set against the *Anglia*, the *Englische Studien*, and the *Shakespeare Jahrbuch* of Germany. Not that one would

hold up the German dissertation as in all respects a model. Thorough and conscientious as it is, it has generally its two faults: here the narrowness of mole-eyed outlook, and there the want of humour and cumbrous disdain of literary graces. Professor Dowden, at any rate, has not been afraid of his Germans. It shall be to his credit that he has emulated the Teutonic thoroughness without the Teutonic pedantry, and while not neglectful of the mint and anise and cummin of scholarship, has not forgotten either from time to time to walk the heights and to breathe the ampler ether and diviner air.

Professor Dowden's Life of Shelley made something of a stir in 1886. The fresh material which it contained shed a flood of light upon a fascinating and hitherto somewhat mysterious personality. And it brought its author into conflict with a redoubtable adversary in Matthew Arnold. In literary controversy the battle is generally to the maker of phrases, and Matthew Arnold was a noted forger of those lethal weapons. But the worst of such victories is that they do not exclude a subsequent and sober revision of the case. And one fancies that it is rather Professor Dowden's view of Shelley than Matthew Arnold's that the world has after all agreed to take. The interest of that famous review in the *Nineteenth Century* is perhaps less in its criticisms than in its revelations of the temper of the critic. One may accept Professor Dowden's charitable interpretation of Shelley's letter to Harriet, and yet see how inevitable it was that Matthew Arnold, with the clergyman and the schoolmaster in his blood, should take the severer view. And one can conceive that to the Oxford man, with his horror of unnecessary ornament, Professor Dowden's more flamboyant style, good as it is, must have appeared a trifle Asiatic. But the temptation of it—to have been born an Irishman and to be a professor of Oratory! And of course it goes without saying that although Matthew Arnold wrote very prettily about the influence of the Celtic spirit on English literature, no one was really more impervious to that influence than he, no style more antagonistic than his of restrained simplicity to the Celtic fervour and the Celtic picturesqueness. With another line of criticism, that summed up in Professor Freeman's grumble of "chatter about Harriet," one may admit less sympathy. That old antithesis between the man and the artist is after all among the more dangerous of half-truths; nor is it especially helpful in dealing with such an one as Shelley, in whom the human and social instincts were always at the very least as strong as the instinct to create. So that one can only be grateful to the writer who has had the sympathetic insight to reconstruct for us the whole story of that hectic life, and willingly consent that the errors, if any, should be on the side of fulness of detail. In this case, as in so many others, the faithful biographer is not the least among the interpreters of the poems.

But that tendency to diffuseness, in narrative and in comment, which does not detract from the value of the human document, is nevertheless something of a flaw in literary art; and one feels that Professor Dowden has been more uniformly successful, has painted a more ineffaceable portrait, upon the limited canvas of his Life of Southey. In the admirable scholar and estimable writer of Greta Hall one finds nothing of the vivid flame that was Shelley; that boyish dream of Pantisocracy once faded, his sober career contained little that was eventful and nothing that was dramatic; the days of peaceful toil at the foot of Derwentwater offer no temptation to the rhetorician. But we rise from Professor Dowden's work with a satisfied sense of the whole man lovingly set before us, of an art which has delighted to trace the annals of that laborious and high-hearted life, which has found pleasure in the companionship of so dignified, so gentle, and so simple a spirit. And this threefold sympathy between subject and writer and reader is indeed the rare perfection of biography.

Both the Shelley and the Southey show that what Professor Dowden looks for in literature is character no less than art. One might go further and say that his criticism is before all things a philosophic criticism, devoted to the discovery in literature of those root-ideas, those dynamic and formative principles which in every epoch it shares with other branches of human conduct and activity. Not that he is insensitive to the permanent elements of form, to the laws of beautiful workmanship in prose and poetry—on the contrary, his intuition of these is subtle and acute—but that their importance is always subordinate in his mind to that of the content, to the spiritual ideals and aspirations which they are the medium to convey. Thus he has devoted a series of most valuable and instructive essays to the study of the French Revolution in its relations to the English writers of the first half of the present century, tracing and analysing with the utmost care the reverberations and reactions of that great upheaval in minds of different temper and different training. The remarkable development again, in our own day, of the scientific method and the scientific attitude to life has naturally formed a problem for one so curious of the *Quo tendimus*, and has led him to enquire somewhat minutely into the effect which that method and that attitude have had and are having in the modification of our literary perceptions and conventions. It is indeed a philosophic idea, the idea of evolution, which has made Professor Dowden's work in the interpretation of Shakespeare so uncommonly fruitful and suggestive. On the scholastic side he has grasped the importance of determining, so far as it can be determined, the order in which the plays and poems were written; and on the human side, the fact that these plays and poems were no mere intellectual or professional exercises, but the very children of the heart and brain and soul of the man Shakespeare. Starting from these two all-important premises, he has attempted to trace in the chronological sequence the growth and development of the man. It was a task which required not only a wide erudition, but also the rarer gifts of sympathy and imagination. The history is there, no doubt, in those sonnets and in that great folio of 1623, of the wonderful boy who set out from Stratford in the spring to his adventures on the London road, and of his discipline by success and passion and suffering, and of his serene and wise old age among the flowers of Stratford once more; but it is not written for every eye to read, and there are few of us who have not reason to be grateful to Professor Dowden for his singularly patient and delicate deciphering of the record. So liberally, indeed, have both his methods and his conclusions been borrowed by later writers, that it is sometimes difficult to remember what a revolution in Shakespeare scholarship his book really was, entitling him

to an honoured place, with Theobald and Johnson and Malone and Coleridge, upon the roll of those who have done most to interpret to us the master.

Of late years Professor Dowden is understood to have been occupying himself largely with the study of Goethe. The last volume of his essays contains some valuable first-fruits of his work in this direction; and doubtless we may look to him in the future for another treatise on another great playwright as sound and as stimulating as the first. That he has not altogether deserted the pleasant paths of Elizabethan poesy, his Clark lectures at Trinity College Cambridge abundantly prove. E. K. CHAMBERS.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CHARLES LAMB.

THE following interesting document, written in 1834 by the late J. Fuller Russell, was published for the first time in the *Guardian* of May 6th, 1874:—

"On Tuesday, August 5, 1834, I walked over from Enfield to Edmonton, and on reaching Mr. Lamb's cottage —which stands back from the road (nearly opposite the church) between two houses which project beyond it, and is screened by shrubs and trees—I found that 'Elia' was out, taking his morning walk. I was admitted into a small and pleasantly shaded parlour. The modest room was hung round with fine engravings by Hogarth, in dark frames. Books and magazines were scattered on the table, and on the old-fashioned window-seat. I chatted awhile with Miss Lamb—a meek, intelligent, very pleasant, and rather deaf, elderly lady, who told me that her brother had been gratified by parts of my poem, and had read them to her. 'Elia' came in soon after—a short, thin man. His dress was black—a capacious coat, knee-breeches, and gaiters, and he wore a white neck-handkerchief. His head was remarkably fine, and his dark and shaggy hair and eyebrows, heated face, and very piercing jet-black eyes gave to his appearance a singularly wild and striking expression. The sketch of him in *Fraser's Magazine* gives a true idea of his figure, but no portrait, I am sure, could do justice to his splendid countenance. He grasped me cordially by the hand, sat down, and taking a bottle from a cupboard behind him, mixed some rum-and-water. On another occasion, his sister objected to this operation, and he refrained. Presently after, he said, 'May I have a little drop now, only a *leetle* drop?' 'No, be a good boy.' At last he prevailed, and took his usual draught. On each visit I found he required to be drawn into conversation. He would throw out a playful remark, and then pause awhile. He spoke by fits and starts, and had a slight impediment in his utterance, which made him grunt once or twice before he began a sentence; but his tones were loud and rich, and once, when he read to me a passage from a folio of Beaumont and Fletcher (which his sister had brought down to show me Coleridge's MS. remarks at the end of each play), the deep pathos of his voice gave great weight to the impression made by the poetry. He would jump up and slap his sister playfully on the back, and a roomy snuff-box often passed between them on the old round table. These little traits may serve to illustrate the character of Charles Lamb. There was nothing of that point in his conversation which we find in William Hone's. I remember he agreed with me that Tom Moore's poetry was like very rich plum cake —very nice, but too much of it at a time makes one sick. He said that Byron had written only one good-natured thing, and that was the 'Vision of Judgment.' 'Mary,' he added to Miss Lamb, 'don't you *hate* Byron?' 'Yes, Charles,' she replied. 'That's right,' said he. Of [conversational] Sharpe's 'Essays,' which had just been published and magnified in the *Quarterly*, he asserted—'They are commonplace, and of the two attempts at criticism in them worthy of notice, one—that on Cowper's "boundless contiguity of shade"—is completely incorrect.' He had a very high opinion of Wordsworth, saying, 'He is a very noble fellow.' I think he undervalued Coleridge's poetry. He esteemed the 'Ancient Mariner' and 'Cristabel' his best productions in verse—the former, in his opinion, was miserably clumsy in its arrangement, and the latter was injured by the 'mastiff *bitch*' at the beginning. Coleridge was staying with him when he wrote it, and, thinking of Sir William Curtis, he (Lamb) advised him to alter the rhyme thus:—

'Sir Leoline the Baron *round*,
Had a toothless mastiff *hound*.'

He thought little of James Montgomery. He had only written one poem which pleased him, and that was among his minor pieces. *Philip Van Arteveldé* had been sent to him as equal to Shakspeare. He thought it was nothing extraordinary. He had a good opinion of Tennyson's poems, which had lately been condemned in the *Quarterly*. When at Oxford, he saw Milton's MSS. of *L'Allegro*, etc., and was grieved to find from the corrections and erasions how the poet had laboured upon them. He had fancied that they had come from his mind almost spontaneously. He said that to be a true poet a man must serve a long and rigorous apprenticeship. He must, like the mathematician, sit with a wet towel about his head, if he wished to excel. It was far easier to scribble verses than to hammer out good poetry, worthy of immortality. Of *metres*, he observed there were plenty of old ones, now little known, which were better than any new ones which could be devised, and would be quite as novel. He lost £25 by his best effort, 'John Woodville.' He had, he said, a curious library of old poetry, etc., which he had bought at stalls, cheap. 'I have *nothing useful*,' he added: 'as for science, I know and care nothing about it.' Coleridge used to write on the margin of his books when staying at his house. It was during one of these visits that he translated 'Wallenstein.' Mr. Lamb thought 'the Lay' the best of Scott's poetical works. He told me that he (Lamb) knew his letters before he could speak, and called on his sister to vouch for the truth of this story. He hated the country, and loved to walk on the London road, because then he could fancy that he was wending thither. He was a great walker. He never read what any of the reviews said about him. He showed me a copy of Coleridge's will, and observed, with some indignation, that the conductors of the *Athenæum* journal had written to him for reminiscences of his old friend. It was very indelicate, he said, to make any such request, and he refused. He had written a poem called the 'Devil's Marriage' to a tailor's daughter, but suppressed it on finding that Dr. ——, the Vicar of ——, had committed a like nuptial indiscretion. On rising to leave him, on my last visit, I could not open the parlour door! 'Ah,' he exclaimed, with a sweet smile, 'you can unlock the springs of Helicon, but you cannot open the door!'"

SYMPOSIUM.

THE WORKS OF LORD BYRON.*

I.

OUR generation is not likely to know all that is to be known about Byron. There are probably documents in reserve, in addition to accessible new documents. But Mr. Henley has begun a new edition of his Letters and other remains in prose, with copious and very entertaining notes. Even specialists will find Mr. Henley's notes more than adequate in the matter of biography and elucidation of events and allusions, also as pictures of the age. A few remarks on details shall be made later. Certainly, if we are to understand Byron, we must understand his *milieu*, "bigoted yet dissolute," with other veracious antitheses. Perhaps one generation is not much more dissolute than another. Byron and his coevals may remind one of the Duke of Wharton and his. Byron could not well be much more dissolute than Wharton, of whom Atterbury was so fond, and Wharton's genius might, perhaps, have rivalled Byron's, if he could have abstained from drink and the service of the king over the water. Both men were young, noble, notorious,

* "The Works of Lord Byron." Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. I, Letters: 1804-1813. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

full of power—and spoiled. Mr. Henley regards Byron as "the master poet" of the generation, and here I am, in one sense, unable to follow him. Even setting Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Scott aside as seniors, men of an elder generation, I am obliged to regard Keats and Shelley as poets infinitely greater than Byron. But, as their generation stoned them, while to Byron it listened eagerly, there is a sense in which Byron is undeniably its "master poet." Now the great Byron mystery is not Mrs. Beecher Stowe's legend, nor anything else that can be elucidated by documents, either in Mr. Henley's or in Mr. Murray's promised edition. The real mystery is the division of opinion about Byron's poetical merits. Mr. Henley has Scott, Goethe, Mr. Arnold, and the opinion of Byron's Europe on his side. On mine might be reckoned Thackeray and Mr. Swinburne in his later humour, and, perhaps, the common consent of the little flock which still cares for poetry. All the members of the little flock, to be sure, are not exactly allies with whom one would gladly march through Coventry. A person who ventures to think that Byron, as a poet, was egregiously over-rated, must be content to be called a prig, a sniffer, and so forth. The public which does not read poetry takes Byron for granted, and assumes that these epithets are well deserved. But a man can only say what he thinks! I am as much convinced as Mr. Henley can be of Byron's vigour, his powers of satire, his sensibility to what is great in nature, and to certain captivating ideas, Freedom and the like. On the other hand, I miss in him the indefinable essence of poetry, that which we admire in the great Elizabethans, and Cavaliers, in Milton, and in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, nay, even in "Miss Byron," Alfred de Musset. Byron seems to me to be, as a writer, a poet of Pope's generation, who has read Scott, lives after the French Revolution, has travelled, and has had adventures. If Wharton (the Duke) could have lived when Byron did, he might have been a poet like Byron, and might have lacked exactly what in Byron one misses. Not only the indefinable poetical essence is absent in Byron, but his *technique*, and even his grammar, are often deplorable. In an essay of Mr. Hayward's, the passages chosen to prove Byron's superiority in lucidity to Tennyson usually defy construction. And these are chosen passages. Byron's blank verse will scarcely be defended by any mortal.

These are enormous drawbacks, yet Byron won almost every contemporary suffrage, and still holds many. Why? This is the Byron mystery. One allows for *réclame*, the *réclame* of Byron's youth, beauty, rank, wit; for his *legend*—the queer romantic tales that Goethe believed. One allows for the novel element, the combination of Scott's still popular measures (very ill done) with Oriental romance, and the gloomy Byronic corsair. One allows for Byron's fine large topics, Greece, the sea, ruined empires, tempest, freedom; and probably the combination of so many obviously captivating things, poetical and personal, carried the contemporaries of Byron off their feet. The tradition swayed Mr. Arnold, but was wasted on Thackeray. A great deal, at lowest, remains to Byron, an unique place in letters, but for that poetic essence which lives in the works of the highest poets, I still think that one looks to Byron in vain. But it is too early to reiterate these heresies, if they are heresies. When Mr. Henley comes to publish Byron's poems, he may be able to convert one, though conversion is difficult in a question determined for every man by intuition.

On Byron's character it is vain to waste words. What character could one expect in a man of his education, position, passions, and hereditary qualities? In his earliest letters we find him damning, boasting of being drunk, and talking about "*crim-cons*" to a Miss Pigot, with whom he had "a charming friendship." His mother he speaks of in the tone we know, though his letters to "The Honourable Mrs. Byron" (he would call her "Honourable") are not wanting in respect. He was never at ease with his title, as other young men of rank were at ease. He was an inveterate *poseur*; thus he writes of Lords Aberdeen and Elgin,

"Come, pilfer all the Pilgrim loves to see"

in the way of Greek remains. The Pilgrim was really bored by Greek remains. He "unreservedly avowed," says Moore, "the little value he had for these relics of ancient art." He was the same in everything, "that man never was sincere." He had noble impulses, but all was evanescent. He was the *fanfaron* of his vices, and may very well have been less vicious than he pretended. Mr. Henley thinks he only had, perhaps, one friend, Lord Clare, though so many were anxious to be friendly. Without going into details and disputed points, it is not an amiable character, but nothing short of a moral miracle could have saved a man born and trained as Byron was. Again, Scott, Moore, perhaps Shelley, who knew him, saw him in another and a happier light; while Leigh Hunt (whom I cheerfully hand over to Mr. Henley's mercies) saw him in a worse.

One or two proof-reader's remarks may be added. The same letter need not have been given both in text and notes (pp. 10, 301). "The real orthodoxy" of Jeffrey's name (p. 47) puzzles Mr. Henley (p. 325). Byron means "orthography"; he had probably written "Jeffreys." Lockhart, too, misspells the name. Byron's remarks on Geoffrey of Monmouth and Judge Jefferies, show what he intended. On p. 81, and elsewhere, "Mahmont" means "Mahmout." Murray did not publish Lockhart's "Life of Scott," it went with Scott's other copyrights. Over such things the heart of the proof-reader rejoices.

I do not observe that we are told the result of Byron's action for libel against *The Scourge*; perhaps it was dropped (p. 358). For the rest, the notes are nearly, or quite, as interesting as the letters, and no heretic has yet impugned Byron's powers as a letter-writer. The volume is delightfully handy, and the type excellent.

ANDREW LANG.

II.

For the last thirty years or more Byron's popularity has been waning. His official rank and title among the grandees of the first-class in poetry remains still unassailed. But he is respectfully neglected. Our young men rarely read him, nor yet our young women; and they never quote him. None of us care very greatly now for his muse. In his charming and luminous confessions Mr. Lang owns that though he has tried his best, he cannot like Byron; in which candid admission I beg to associate myself. Shelley has been revived and kept well before the public gaze by a fanatical propaganda backed up by certain private interests. Wordsworth and Scott each have a standing bodyguard of sturdy, well-disciplined partisans. But where are Byron's votaries? He has no sect to defend him, no acolytes at his cold altars, not even a distant connection to trade upon his name. His first followers dropped off as the popular blast blew once more from a cold, dry point. The very epithet "Byronic" has become a mild byeword.

Why does he fail to please nowadays? One reason is obvious. He is at once perfectly "modern" and shockingly "old fashioned." Scott is neither. His great poems—of course his Epistles and Dedications may be ignored—betray no date at all save that of their subject. Were he writing "Marmion" to-day, his treatment and language might well remain unaltered. He reflects no passing wave of opinion or fashion; he is free from the detestable topical allusions which make the "Ingoldsby Legends" so obsolete and repulsive. His poems are broad-based on foundations almost indestructible, nature, humanity, and patriotic love of the soil. They are made to wear, and will remain evergreen when our more ambitious poetry has faded. Shelley is quite modern. His very revolts have ripened into steady movements. Nor is he not at all old-fashioned, because though a child of his age, he is vague comprehensive and far-reaching enough to overlap the sympathies of at least two generations. When he means nothing in particular, we can easily believe that he means just what we mean ourselves. Byron is too definite and concrete for that. To me he seems essentially a modern, nor can I follow Mr. Henley when he says that Byron's England "is practically not less remote from ours than the England of Spenser and Raleigh." Byron and his set seem almost men of yesterday. Not one scrap of moss or lichen, no Old School savour, no charm of quaint aloofness, seems to grace their memories. Surely the chasm, if chasm there be, lies between their generation and the one before, that of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Walpole.

Apply this sure test. Would any richly annotated *édition de luxe* of Walpole's Letters have the flavour of the dear old octavos? Yet will not Mr. Henley's new edition of Byron displace all others in our affections? Byron after all is only one of us. Strangling in our starch we can rally him familiarly on his limp collars, but Goldsmith's ruffles are sacred—they belong to another world.

And yet he seems old-fashioned. That is because he was once fashionable. There was always too much of fashion about his work, and it has to undergo the sentence of two generations of polished disapproval. A great law of progress ordains that the fashionable vagaries of the upper classes, whether in dress, manners, language, or literature, shall pass down to the lower orders, and so long as they survive among the mob, the aristocracy will recoil from them with disgust and contempt, and wonder how their parents could ever have tolerated coalscuttle bonnets and Fanny Burney's twaddling novels. For a space something of vulgarity seems to taint an exploded fashion, but when all trace of it has died out in the lower spheres, it receives consecration; it becomes historical; we call it quaint, simple, dignified, stately, courtly, or characteristic—but always charming. Thus Lawrence's portraits are returning to favour; in time we shall condone crinoline—and "Lara," too, about the same time, though so much older; for fashion in dress descends, dies out, and is purged from vulgar reminiscences sooner than fashion in poetry. Now Lord Byron created a new part in poetry and sentiment; being an amateur he rather overacted it, and being a lord he set the fashion for it. The poetical attitude we call "Byronic" was not really a ridiculous or false one at all, but rather a very manly, impressive, and dignified one. Byron worked out and dramatised with singular force one phase of humanity, one consecutive chain of sentiment. His scowling, despairing, misunderstood, Satanic, yet fascinating and amorous heroes are not universal types, but they are men, and men who fit into poetry. And Byron must have believed in them, and in himself—must have been more or less sincere. No doubt the whole thing is exaggerated. All revolts are, and Byronism was a perfectly healthy insurrection against the dull, flat, debased respectability which was then mastering English society. It was these effete beings in those far-off days of the Regency, or ever Ruskin was, or Morris had revealed his wall-papers, that Byron meant to horrify and infuriate and seduce and lead captive. And he did it. Young men took to scowling and long cloaks; the Lawrence ladies each sighed for a Corsair of her own. They felt it all, so far as they were capable of feeling, and for a time Byron became the fashion. And, be sure, he did them good. Of course the cue was to call him very wicked, quite deplorably, delightfully shocking, but, so far as I know (Mr. Henley, who knows much more about it, could easily settle the point) nobody then called him bombastic, or affected, or theatrical, or exaggerated, or vulgar. Wild, erratic, eccentric, reprehensible, improper, were the chosen epithets. Genteel society was so essentially vulgarian that what was bad taste in Byron's heroics easily escaped its notice. The vogue passed, but left its mark on society and literature.

Nevertheless, the epithet "Byronic" has not yet lost its reproachful accent. "Don Juan" is still old-fashioned and therefore a little vulgar in our ears. Nay, to speak the truth, there is one element in it which seems to me really and essentially vulgar. I mean, of course, the flippancy of his "asides"; the bad taste with which he sometimes breaks off in some serious passage to interpolate a smart hit or impertinent allusion to some person or topic of the day. Obviously this is often due to his want of a rhyme; still the effrontery of an amateur is a poor excuse. But Byronism will soon be forgotten, and then Byron will resume his place. We shall condone his eccentricities as we do Shakespere's, and see nothing to sneer at in them, but much to admire. His poetry we shall all have to read, because it is so strong and sound and satisfying, and, who knows? some fine day the doctors and man-milliners may combine to bid us adopt his ridiculous, utterly impossible collars, which, after all, if we once thought about it (which, of course, we never do), are, like his poetry, perfectly sensible, perfectly hygienic, and by no means unbecoming.

Space remains only for one or two more reasons why Byron is so little read. One is his language. There he clung to the old traditions, made the most of the old vocabulary, and attempted no innovations in epithets or constructions. His diction, especially the epithets, seems rather conventional to us, whose taste has been influenced by the rich and felicitous word-painting of Tennyson and his rivals. But, after all, there is perhaps more sheer poetry in some of those superb descriptions in "Childe Harold," which Byron has wrought with his less elaborated materials, than in the subtle tones and tints of the "Princess." Again, Byron is too clear and plain for some. There are no obscure passages, so they reject Byron as a *barren* poet. Again, he is too strong and loud and manly for many. He shakes their poor nerves; he jars the finely-strung chords of their æsthetic harmonies; he is so destitute of "moods," and *nuances* and "suggestions"; his sunlight and storm, his thunder, lightning, and trumpet blasts shock these wan souls behind their muslin curtains and rose-coloured blinds. So they shrink from him as a *noisy* poet. Strict moralists, with some show of reason, have called him an *improper* poet; but that does not help him, because the readers who like impropriety have been so well pandered to since his day, that they reject him as comparatively puritanical.

Finally, let us never forget that Byron, like his rival Scott (their names should always be associated), wrote as an amateur, wrote too much, and wrote too rapidly. Thus they lost sadly in poise and finish—graces by which just now we set great store; but they gained vastly in qualities which we value less highly, force, individuality, and picturesqueness. To sum up, we know we ought to like Byron, but we don't; and though we know why we don't, we can't help it. Yet before long we mean to like Byron, all of us—so we hope Mr. Henley will bear with us a little longer till his completed work has wrought our conversion. Y. Y.

NEW BOOKS.

THE SAGA OF THE FÆROES.*

None of the many enterprises for which the toilers in the byways of the bygone are indebted to Messrs. Nutt better deserves support than their "Northern Library of Icelandic Sagas in English." It was worthily inaugurated two years ago by Mr. Sephton's version of the noble Saga of Olaf Tryggwason, the heroic king who, by rough-and-ready methods enough, compelled Norway to be Christian at the end of the first millennium after Christ. The prose of political, as distinguished from family, history in the North may fairly be held to culminate in the grand chapters which recount the last sea-fight of Olaf—the sailing past of his ships before the wondering eyes of his foes, and the grim death-struggle that rages around him on the deck of the *Serpent*, until, "as the earl's men were making towards the after-castle, where he was, it seemed to them so great a light stood over the king that they could not look at it; and when the light ceased, Olaf the king was nowhere to be seen." The tale which the Regius Professor of History at Oxford has taken in hand is a kind of pendant to the great Tryggwason Saga, some portions of it being, in fact, recounted there in nearly identical terms. Sigmund, one of the two heroes of the Saga, is a henchman of Olaf's, and little less stalwart than his lord; when they contended in feats of strength, the chronicler tells us, with a fine sense of proportion, that Sigmund came off little the worse in some feats, though he was victor in none. And it was Sigmund who, at Olaf's bidding, brought Christianity to the Færoe isles. This was how he persuaded the doughtiest and craftiest of those who held by the old faith:

"One day in the spring, what time the races ran faster, and men thought no ship could live in the main or between the islands, Sigmund set out from home in Scufey (one of the Southern Faroes) with thirty men and two ships, saying that he would run the risk, and carry out the king's errand, or else die. They ran for Eastrey, and made the island; they got there at nightfall without being seen, made a ring round the homestead at Gate, drove a trunk of wood at the door of the house where Throud slept, and broke it down, then laid hands on Throud and

* "The Tale of Thrond of Gate." Translated by F. York Powell. Northern Library. (Nutt.)

led him out. Then said Sigmund, 'It happens now, as it often does, Thrond, that things go by turns. Thou didst cow me last harvest-tide, and gave me two hard things to choose between; and now I will give thee two very unlike things to choose between; the one is good—that thou take the true faith and let thyself be baptized, or else thou shalt be slain here on the spot; and that is a bad choice for thee to make, for thereby thou shalt swiftly lose thy wealth and earthly bliss in this world, and get instead woe and the everlasting torments of hell in the other world.' But Thrond said, 'I will not fail my old friends.' Then Sigmund sent a man to kill Thrond, and put a great axe in his hand; but as he went up to Thrond with his axe on high, Thrond looked at him and said, 'Strike me not so quickly, I have something to say first. Where is my kinsman Sigmund?' 'Here am I,' said he. 'Thou alone shalt settle between me and thee, and I will take thy faith, as thou wilt.' Then said Thore, 'Hew at him, man!' But Sigmund said, 'He shall not be cut down this time.'"

This passage brings together in a typical moment the two heroes whose fortunes are interwoven in the Saga. Historically they stand for the struggle between the Norwegian and Christian influence and the conservative opposition which clung to the old faith and the local usages of the islands. Thrond, the strong man of the latter party, is doubtless the original hero of the story, and luck goes with him until he compasses the death of Sigmund; while Sigmund's fortunes are followed out with sympathy, palpable enough beneath the fine reticence of the Icelandic narrative manner, and his death is told in a passage of grim power not surpassed even by the tragic climax of "Njala."

Nothing but admiration can be expressed for the mode in which Prof. York Powell—a past master of Norse-lore, if he be not rather the soul of an old scald or saga-man revived—has made this old tale accessible to English readers. The translation is preceded by an introduction which, in the most unassuming fashion, puts before us all that is most needful to know about the Færoes of saga times, and discovers a marvellously delicate sense for the "traditional" classic" and the "late" "romantic"—the "Homeric" and the "Tennysonian" elements in the saga texts. Such analysis as is performed in a page or two (pp. viii. foll.) is only possible to one whose instinct for language and literature, for idiom and poetry, for syntax and ethics, is equally fine and pronounced. The pithy laconism of Norse style speaks home to him; he seizes its slightest variations and nuances, and gives us English of which nothing worse can be alleged than that it presses these noble qualities (in which English in a master's hands is not inferior to Icelandic) here and there to too daring an extreme. In this respect his method differs widely from that of his predecessor. Mr. Sephton's version is an excellent one, but we think it must be allowed that his English is less steeped in the flavour of the original. Not by way of disparaging either, but in order to throw the difference of method into relief, and at the same time to illustrate the qualities in which Icelandic narrative prose differs from ordinary literary English, we present the parallel versions of a substantially identical passage. It concerns the boyhood of Sigmund, when, with his cousin Thore, he had been carried off, through Thrond's arts, to Norway. The two boys, destitute and friendless, try to cross the mountains to seek out Earl Hakon, a friend of their father's.

OLAF SAGA.

From the east of the land they first went to the uplands, then passed through Heidmark, and reached the Dofra fell in the north. Though winter was beginning, they determined to cross the fell by themselves. Severe weather occured, and as they were ignorant of the roads, they lost their way. Then snow fell, and progress was impossible. They remained in the open air without food for several days, and at length, unable to walk further, Thori lay down, begging Sigmund to look after himself and find a way off the fell. "It must never be," said Sigmund, "that you and I part in this way. We will either succeed in reaching shelter together, or else die." There was so much difference in strength between them that Sigmund, although the younger, took Thori on his back and carried him a good while. One day, as he, too, was becoming much exhausted, they observed that the ground began to slope a little, and that walking was somewhat easier. As evening drew on they reached a small valley, where they soon noticed a smell of smoke, and perceived a little farmhouse in front, which they entered. In the sitting-room were two women, both handsome, one advanced in years and the other young, who welcomed them heartily, took off their wet clothes, and supplied them with dry ones. Then they set the table and placed food before the boys, who, after the meal, were put to bed with every attention. The mistress of the house told them that she did not wish her husband to see them as soon as he came home, for he was somewhat hasty in temper. The two boys were roused from sleep by the entrance of a man dressed in a reindeer's skin, who was tall, and carried some animal on his back. He looked very stern, and inquired who had arrived. The mistress of the house told him of the coming of two boys that had been out on the fells for a long time, and were so exhausted from cold and want of food that they were come well-nigh to the last gasp. "I could not bear," she said, "that two such promising boys, brought here by chance, should die from exposure under our walls."

FÆREYINGA SAGA.

So they went out of the Wick into Upland, and then away east over Heathmark, and north on to the Dover fells; and by the time they got there it was winter, and they met with snowstorms and bad weather. Then they went up on the fells with little counsel, and fared wild and badly, and lay out many days without food. At last Thore lay down, and begged Sigmund to save his own life, and seek down off the fell. Sigmund told him they would get down both together or die together or neither of them. And so unlike were they in strength, that Sigmund took up Thore on his back and walked on farther still. And now they were both sore weary. But one evening they came to a little dale off the fell, and they went down it, and at last they smelt a smell of smoke, and close by they found a house. They went in, and found a room, wherein two women were sitting; one was of middle age, but the other was a young girl; both were fair of face. They received the boys kindly, and took off their clothes and brought them dry clothes instead, and quickly gave them food to eat, and afterwards sent them to sleep, treating them kindly, and telling them that they must not be in the way when the goodman came home, "for," said they, "he is quick of temper." But Sigmund woke as a man came in, great of growth he was, and clad in a reindeer hide, and he was carrying a reindeer on his back. He drew his nostrils up and frowned, and asked what was come thither. The goodwife said that there were two boys come, "little boys, cold and almost tired to death." He answered her, "Thou art taking the best way to let folks know where we are by taking folk into our house, and so I have often told thee." "I could not bear," said the goodwife, "that two such pretty boys should die here beside our house."

Here and there, as already hinted, Prof. Powell seems to us to push his racy Saxonism to excess. Such an idiom as "let make" for "had made" is hardly a gain. And we have here once more that strange plan of rendering Norse names not merely into their English, but into their Anglo-Saxon equivalent, which has always seemed to us to mar the admirable execution of the "Corpus." It may be an arguable question whether Ulfr is better rendered for the English reader by Ulf or Wolf, Odinn by Odin or Woden, etc.; but what is the gain from any point of view of rendering Raumsdalr by Reamsdale, Gautr by Geat, Leifr by Laf, Nitharos by Nithoyce, or, as is done in the "Corpus," Angantyr by Angantheow? At best, the reading substitutes for the Norse form that which it had, or would have had, in Anglo-Saxon. But is the Anglo-Saxon form, in any of these cases, at all more in touch than the Norse with the *Sprachgefühl* of the modern English reader?

These idiosyncrasies, however, only go to enhance the strong personal note which certainly is one of the charms of the present volume. "The tale is one," Prof. Powell tells us and we can well believe, "that it has always given me especial pleasure to read and to remember;" and his own version is touched with the same fascination. How much is added to the power of Icelandic story over the modern imagination by the lonely remoteness of the wonderful island at the end of the world! And something of the same arresting power attaches for Prof. Powell—as it will for his readers—to the "far-off lonely little Atlantic archipelago that the Icelandic-bound voyager sometimes beholds as 'a wonderful vision in changing mist—a sudden revelation of shiny sea,' with the dark castles of islands 'standing up out of it, and large streamers blowing away from their tops like flags.'"

C. H. HERFORD.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN SCOTLAND.*

Dr. Mackintosh is to be congratulated on the completion of the new edition of his "History of Civilization in Scotland." His heavy and arduous task has been accomplished under difficulties of no ordinary kind. His subject "includes all the material and intellectual products, the religion and social organisations and institutions" of the nation; and, from his standpoint, "civilisation began with the first conscious efforts of man." His four goodly octavo volumes, extending to nineteen hundred pages, have been wholly written, and the proof sheets revised, he says, "upon the counter of my own small shop, in the midst of the clattering of a stirring street, and at the same time attending to customers coming in and out." Has any previous writer ever tackled a work of such difficulty and magnitude amid similar surroundings? Dr. Mackintosh does not, however, mention the distractions to which he has been subjected, by way of apologising for any supposed defects in his work. Indeed he does not refer to them as distractions at all. Finding himself "almost constantly in the midst of bustle and seldom alone," by "a prolonged course of persistent efforts I gradually acquired," he says, "a complete power of concentrating my mind, by an act of will, upon whatever subject I wished to investigate;" and "thus, though often interrupted, I mentally work on, unconscious of noise." This is mentioned not in his preface, but in a foot-note to his fourth volume; and in the same volume he thus speaks of a more ambitious and better known work than his own:—"Alison's 'History of Europe,' as might be expected in so wide and great a subject, has merits and defects." This trite observation may justly be applied to the "History of Civilisation in Scotland."

The merits of Dr. Mackintosh's work are many. The general arrangement is good. His meaning is always obvious—even in the few sentences which lack verbs. Instead of slavishly adopting the opinions of men of acknowledged eminence in their own department, he not infrequently ventures to differ from them; but while bringing a vigorous intellect and shrewd common-sense to bear on the questions he discusses, his statements are always temperate and his criticisms usually fair. Among his defects may be reckoned his fondness for recapitulation, his tendency to slide into the common history of the country, and his occasional digressions. Of the last named, the most noticeable example is his "Outline of European Philosophy in the Seventeenth Century, and the early part of the Eighteenth." To this outline he devotes a chapter of seventy-three pages. The chapter is no doubt an important one, but it occupies too much space in a "History of the Civilization of Scotland," even although that "History" extends to four volumes.

In dealing with pre-historic Scotland, Dr. Mackintosh shows himself to be as thoroughly at home as in discussing that disruption of the Church of Scotland which he is old enough to remember. It would be too much, perhaps, to expect him to speak with as much fulness of knowledge on architecture or the progress of medical science; but he shirks no part of his subject as unfamiliar, technical, or abstruse. Among the men whose opinions he questions, stand Max Müller, Sir John Lubbock, and Dr. Joseph Anderson. The sturdy Scot is not enthralled by the glamour of great names. Of the late W. F. Skene he says: "He was very industrious and painstaking; but his mind was narrow and glimmering. He had no philosophic grasp, and very little of the critical faculty." Thomas Chalmers, he explains, "received little preparatory grounding in his education, which may account for his lack of critical power as a scholar." The admirers of "Robert *Lewis* Stevenson" will be pleased to learn that "some of his novels have been very popular, and reached a large sale;" and that "as a novelist, he had the art of rendering his writings interesting." Still further, that "his faculty of description was fairly good;" and that "he had the power of grasping incidents and circumstances, realising and combining them, and presenting attractive stories."

Many of Dr. Mackintosh's illustrations of the social life and condition of the people are derived from the publications of the Scottish Burgh Records Society; but, curiously enough, no matter whence his quotations are drawn, no matter how quaintly expressed in the original, they are—save when in verse—invariably dressed in English; and yet he appears to be proud of his country.

No one can turn over the pages of this work in the most cursory manner without perceiving that the indefatigable author is not only a man of wide and varied culture, but a laborious reader with an extensive knowledge of books. Bibliography, nevertheless, is perhaps his weakest point. For example, concerning the "Register of Privy Council" he says: "Two volumes of the Register, embracing the period from 1545 to 1579, have recently been published." Here 1579 is no doubt a misprint for 1578; but, when Dr. Mackintosh wrote or revised that sentence, there had been ten volumes published, bringing the record down to 1616. In another passage he states that Hill Burton "edited several of the volumes of the 'Records of the Scottish Privy Council of the Sixteenth Century,' and wrote a preface to the first volume." As a matter of fact, that Historiographer Royal only edited the first two volumes, but he wrote an introduction for each. Again, 1813 is the date of the second edition of M'Crie's "Knox," not of the first; and he did not write, but only edited, the "Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson"; and Brysson was a merchant—not a minister. Nor is it accurate to say of Pinkerton: "In 1796 he issued a 'History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts.'" The book which was published in 1797 stops with the death of James the Fifth in 1542. In the same note there is an error of an opposite kind: "Ruddiman, the eminent Latin Grammarian, edited an edition of Buchanan's 'History of Scotland.'" No one would infer from this that Ruddiman edited all Buchanan's works. To Rutherfurd's "Lex Rex" almost two pages are devoted; to his "Letters" less than two lines. Among Rutherfurd's own contemporaries "Lex Rex" was doubtless his most famous production, but it is not the one by which he is best known now. Between 1664 and the present day, at least thirty editions of the "Letters" have been issued; but regarding them Dr. Mackintosh merely says: "His 'Letters' were published after his death, and reprinted in 1824, and again quite recently." Probably some of these slips are due to the compositor; but the wildest misprints are in the dates. The General Assembly is said to have met in Edinburgh in 1146; Angus is said to have seized James the Fifth in 1224; Cardinal Beaton, it appears, succeeded his uncle in 1239; Paul the Third ascended the Papal throne in 1834; and at Collessie in Fife a sepulchral cairn was carefully examined and reported on in 1076-77.

The general reader will find Dr. Mackintosh's work a veritable storehouse of information concerning the history of Scotland.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* "The History of Civilization in Scotland." By John Mackintosh, LL.D. A new edition, partly rewritten, and carefully revised throughout. 4 vols. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1892-1896.)

TWO PAINTERS' BIOGRAPHIES.*

An apology is due for noticing together the lives of two painters so remote from one another, whose only connection is that they happened to be alive at the same time, and that their biographies are published, in England, almost simultaneously. But both Lives suggest a similar criticism of their biographers; and both books call for a hearty recognition of the efforts of their publishers. Whatever may be said in conscientious criticism of the literary part of the volumes, the artistic side, and that is of first importance, is praiseworthy in the highest degree. The Meissonnier book has been sent out in the handsomest style, and what is more, and quite other, it must satisfy the most fastidious in such matters. The reproduction of the pictures and drawings is beyond praise. All lovers of Meissonnier's art, and they are very many, will find it a

* "Meissonnier: His Life and His Art." By V. C. O. Gréard. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd and Miss F. Simmonds. With 38 plates and 236 text illustrations. 36s. net. (W. Heinemann.)

"Life and Letters of Frederick Walker." By J. G. Marks. With 13 photogravures and 100 illustrations. 31s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

book to gloat over. Though on a smaller scale, the Walker volume deserves not a whit less praise. One misses the colour in his pictures, of course—this is noticeable particularly in the painter's greatest masterpiece "The Plough,"—but so far as photogravure can call them up, it has done so here; while the samples of his minor work are very numerous and admirably chosen. It is on this side a memorable book, and of permanent value.

But as they have a literary side one must notice it. They do not both fall under exactly the same condemnation. The striking difference in their subject forbids that. Anyone could write a very readable life of Meissonnier. He was a full-blooded, strenuous man, an enthusiast, eager, curious, many-sided, or, at least, with many interests. Art was everything to him, but for his Art he could be scientist, student of history, tailor, saddler, or cabinet-maker. He had, for a painter, an adventurous life. He knew bitter privations in his youth; his ambitions were surging within him while he was an apprentice in a druggist's shop. He served in the Italian campaign of '59; he was mayor of his commune, was a hot patriot in '70, and did his part vigorously as an officer of the National Guard. He was very articulate, if occasionally absurd, with his pen. In his personal character there was much that was striking. He was egregiously vain, intensely serious-minded, full of vitality and ambition, very lovable. A biographer could not fail to tell an interesting story when Meissonnier was his theme. One has no doubt at all that he is a fit subject for biography, even lengthy biography, and we are not at all ungrateful for M. Gréard's efforts and for those of the English translators.

With Walker the case is quite other. He had a life without much incident. Judged by the common lot of artists he may be said to have known very few privations. His chance came early. He travelled a little, but did not care very much for it. He was an angler, and he played the flute, but otherwise he does not seem to have indulged in many relatable amusements. He had few intellectual interests. He fell at an early age into a wretched condition of health and nerves, and died young. About his limitations we speak under correction; our source of information being the biography before us. And we are very far from meaning that the life of a man absorbed in art as Walker was, is unworthy of record. But its record demands genius. His nature was delicate, his organisation nervously fine, his temperament interesting and, for the sympathetic, full of charm. In his art he was curiously independent. His sense of beauty was so strong that he conveys beauty to us when his drawing is all wrong, and his composition a muddle. He lost his way, being never quite an idealist, never quite a realist. With a burning desire to show the graceful in English country life, he often emasculated his subjects. But, save in the over-rated, pretty-pretty "Harbour of Refuge," he is always interesting, always himself. Loving England, and being in many ways, and all his verbal expressions, and many of his prejudices, peculiarly English, in his art there is nothing national. He is a "sport," yet unlike most sports, not only curious but delightful. A monograph on Walker, as a man and as a painter, would be about as hard a task as any writer could set himself. It would demand endless care and great art to paint the subtle portrait and draw up the final estimate. Mr. Marks' plan has been very simple. He tells Walker's plain story without arrangement, as if everything in it were of equal value, and he gives all his letters. Walker wrote a great many letters. Taken in the lump, they tell us he was a good and affectionate son. But save for that fact, they are as dull as the letters of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. Letters are biography only in the rarest cases.

Now Meissonnier was not given to letter-writing so far as we hear. But he kept a book in which he put down his observations on himself and the world in general. This book we get nearly twice over in M. Gréard's biography, first in quotations, and then, nearly *in extenso*, under the head of Wisdom. These are not unfair samples of the kind of thing.

"I never try to save myself trouble. Often I take out things that are really well painted, because I see how it would be possible to improve them."

"Study makes atheists of other men:—I should become intensely religious from using the microscope."

"To learn how pleasant rest is, a man must have worked hard his whole life long."

"A man should know how to fill his wife's life completely, so that no void or longing should ever be felt by her."

There are other remarks of course, that are neither fatuous nor superfluous, some that remind us of Victor Hugo when his inspiration was wearier than were his words, and some of real biographical interest. But they are all set down without criticism or partiality, which is cruel to Meissonnier, for he was less of a bore than these chance remarks would lead us to suppose. And so the biographer, as is the habit of his clan, leaves us to fumble and grope for the real man, and make our own picture.

There is no art in the world so ill-learnt as theirs.

LITERARY ANECDOTES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

The aim of the editors was made sufficiently plain in the first volume. They mean to supply the gap in our knowledge of the greater writers of our century, and to give us a chance of re-considering, or making acquaintance for the first time, with those whose work has not won wide popularity in spite of some exquisite or original qualities. The work promises to be a storehouse into which the literary historian of the future will dip gratefully and often.

These articles are of two orders, the bibliographical and the more purely literary. To the former belongs a chapter which is a marvel of patient search and comparison, "The Building of the Idylls." It would be impossible to summarise it here, but such readers (and they are the main body) as think that Tennyson had a clear project in his mind when he began the series of Arthurian poems, or, indeed, that he had so at almost any period of their growth, will be astonished at the story of their slow, uncertain development. The collation of the texts has been done in the most exhaustive manner. Just as careful, and perhaps more generally interesting, is the Bibliographical list of the (1) Scarcer Works; (2) and Uncollected Writings of Swinburne. We may point to a slip which occurs in the first section. Browning died in Venice, not Asolo. Admirers of Mr. Swinburne will flock, and we should think Mr. Swinburne's publishers must join them, to the second section, Uncollected Contributions to Periodical Literature, an interesting and lengthy list. But are not the two Giordano Bruno sonnets mentioned on p. 367 those reprinted in "Astrophel" (1894)? Exact students of nineteenth century poetry cannot afford to miss the article "John Keats: Addition and Subtraction;" while Mrs. Browning's earlier literary career, previous to her marriage, is precisely traced in the bibliographical account of her scarcer books.

But the more general articles will attract a larger number, and of these principally the contributions from the pen of Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, and Landor. From Horne's "New Spirit of the Age" an article on Carlyle by the poetess has been unearthed, and it is more than a mere literary curiosity. Opinions on Carlyle were not ready-made in that day, and amidst her hearty appreciation of his work there is this shrewd criticism. "He is," she says, "somewhat indefinite in his ideas of 'faith' and 'truth.' In his ardour for the quality of belief, he is apt to separate it from its objects." Here in prose is the germ of the idea which Mrs. Browning loved, and which she expressed very beautifully in one of her sonnets—"As Religion makes a man a child again innocently,—so should poetry make a man a child again perceptively." Of peculiar interest in the biography of the poetess are three letters addressed by her to Mr. William Merry, of Reading, author of a pamphlet on "Predestination and Election, considered Scripturally." They are criticisms as conscientious as they are gentle of Mr. Merry's position. Her own at the moment was that of mild Calvinism. But apart from the light they shed on her religious history, they are interesting as showing her particular friendship for Miss Mitford. Miss Mitford did

* "Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century." Contributions towards a Literary History of the Period. Vol. II. Edited by W. Robertson Nicoll and Thomas S. Wise. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

not take part in theological controversies ; she was a common friend of both the poetess and Mr. Merry, and a source of spiritual anxiety. "Can it be really true," writes Mrs. Browning, "that she goes to *no place* of *worship*? I had not even feared it." Miss Mitford's attraction to Roman Catholic churches is anxiously discussed. Mr. Merry is then counselled to say a word in season. He evidently does so, and with effect, for Miss Barrett thanks him, promises discretion, and adds :

"If the Gospel is preached simply in the place of worship to which she is about to go, let us hope that the want of an attractive medium will not be felt very drearily by her, and that the Spirit of God will give of His beauty and fragrance to the least word.

The Brontë contribution is a fairy-tale by Charlotte, written in her fifteenth year—a fac-simile of a page of the original manuscript is given—"The Adventures of Ernest Alembert." It is wildly fanciful, fantastically descriptive, very childish, but with strong marks of promise in it, as all must acknowledge who have examined the literary work of clever, imitative children. It is ambitious in plan, and very finished in its own grandiose style. This kind of thing is well sustained :—

"Long Ernest lingered, gazing entranced upon the sight. He knew that this was no delusive vision, and that no mystery hung upon its spell. As he stood a sound stole past him like the music of a harp. He trembled, fearing he was still held in the power of supernatural beings. The sound swelled, and, gathering in volume, swept solemnly down the wild glen, awakening low sweet echoes among the frowning rocks which specked the lovely woods in which it was embosomed."

One of the most entertaining items in the present volume is Landor's Open Letter to Emerson. It has partly been reprinted by Fisher, from the original, now rare, *brochure*—wholly by the Rowfant Club ; but to general readers it will be mostly new. One cannot but feel sympathy with its object. Emerson, in "English Traits," had described two visits he had paid to Landor at Fiesole, reporting his host's conversation, no doubt with conscientious intention. But it is intolerable to be reported, to have one's chance remarks stereotyped, and one's accidental moods made to do duty for permanent opinions. So Landor dotted the i's, stroked the t's, put in qualifying words, and flat contradictions, yet all in a friendly way. The Open Letter, which is a valuable chapter in his biography, is full of vigorous things. We pick out one or two, the first a tribute to Southey, to whom Emerson had alluded contemptuously :

"Southey is the poet who has written the most imaginative poem of any in our own times, English or Continental; such is the *Curse* of *Kehama*. Southey is the proseman who has written the purest prose. Southey is the critic the most cordial and the least invidious."

Of himself he says :

"I never envied any man anything but waltzing, for which I would have given all the little talent I had acquired ; "

and of himself and Goethe,

"Neither in my youthful days nor in any other have I thrown upon the world such trash as 'Werter' and 'Wilhelm Meister,' nor flavoured my poetry with the corrugated spicery of metaphysics. Nor could he have written in a life-time any twenty, in a hundred or thereabout, of my Imaginary Conversations. My poetry I throw to the Scotch terriers growling at my feet."

YOUNG IRELAND.*

The period of Irish history most studied in Ireland is the period between the foundation of the *Nation* newspaper in 1842 and the Rebellion of 1848. During this period the national feeling was expressed for the first time in a definite political philosophy, and the writers and speakers through whose minds it was expressed are sacred names in Ireland. "Young Ireland," of which Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has just issued a final edition, illustrated with many portraits, is the standard history of their writings and speeches, their plans and their hopes, and without it there is no understanding of modern Ireland.

I can only concern myself here with the literary influence of "Young Ireland," which has been almost as great as its political, and is, though much weakened of late among educated nationalists, still the one powerful literary influence in Ireland. The "Young Irelanders" very consciously and deliberately endeavoured to create a literature which was to be "racy of the soil," and they persuaded every man and woman they could lay hands on to join in their big endeavour. "Have you ever tried dramatic writing?" Thomas Davis, their inspiring spirit, wrote to the biographer Maddyn, who was certainly the least dramatic and perhaps the dullest writer of any note Ireland has produced. "Do you know Taylor's 'Philip Van Artevelde' and Griffin's 'Gissipus?' I think them the two best serious dramas written in English since Shakespeare's time. A drama equal to either of them with an Irish subject would be useful and popular to an extent you can hardly suppose." It seemed to them possible for any clever man to write a good song, a good history, a good drama, if he only would ; for literature meant to them an exposition of certain opinions about which they were agreed and hoped to make others agreed, and of certain types of character which all men might be expected to admire, and not a capricious inspiration coming with an unforeseen message out of the dim places of the mind. They published in *The Library of Ireland* hastily written books of Irish history and Irish biography and Irish ballad poetry, and in the *Nation* articles on the poets and politicians and revolutionists of many lands ; and this writing, which is inspired by a didactic purpose, and is but excellent journalism for the most part, seems to thousands of young men in Ireland a great ideal literature. It is only a minority of Irishmen who understand that nearly all of it that is not politics is now in one of those infirmaries of the human mind where, M. Maeterlinck says, all truths which are not mystic truths, which are not truths come out of a solitary and mysterious ideal, go at last and to die.

The "Young Irelanders" were of necessity buried in those heterogeneous occupations which Arthur Hallam believed more dangerous to a writer than the most immoral of lives ; and they were too preoccupied with public conduct to attend to the persuasions of their own temperaments, and all good literature is made out of temperaments. To be preoccupied with public conduct is to be preoccupied with the ideas and emotions which the average man understands or can be made to understand, and out of the ideas and emotions of the average man you can make no better thing than good rhetoric. A characteristic fruit of their moral and practical lives was the blazing rhetoric of "The Spirit of the Nation," just as a characteristic fruit of the immoral and unpractical but solitary and individual life of Clarance Mangan was the impassioned poetry of "The Dark Rosaleen" and of "O'Hussy's Ode for the Macguire." Clarance Mangan might doubtless have been a less unequal poet, and a poet of a more ample and serene inspiration, had he drunk less whisky and smoked less opium, but had he been buried in heterogeneous occupations or preoccupied with public conduct, he would have been no more than a good rhetorician. It is probable, however, that even if public needs had left the "Young Irelander" free to make a national literature, the season to make it had not come, for a national literature can only be painted, as it were, against a background of patient and minute scholarship, and patient and minute scholarship in Irish things had only just begun in their day. They did the one excellent thing, the one seasonable thing, that cried out to be done—they taught fervour, and labour, and religious toleration, and left their memory for an inspiration to the young men of Ireland.

W. B. YEATS.

* "Young Ireland." By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Revised Edition. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

ST. ANSELM OF CANTERBURY.*

The first impression made by the title of this volume is one of surprise that any one should be found bold enough to challenge comparison with the late Dean Church's "Anselm," which is fondly cherished as one of our English classics. But so important to the history of our country

* "St. Anselm of Canterbury : A Chapter in the History of Religion." By J. M. Rigg, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. (Methuen and Co.)

and of the Church in all lands is each stage of the great and ceaseless conflict between the spiritual and the temporal powers that it cannot be viewed from too many different points of view. And although the sources consulted and the facts narrated are necessarily the same, and although Mr. Rigg is even in agreement with Church in his general estimate of the character and work of Anselm, yet it may be gathered from the present volume that its writer is more favourable to Papal claims, and more in sympathy with the polity and worship of the Church of Rome than the late dignitary of the Church of England was. In another respect Mr. Rigg's volume supplements the previous work. It brings the reader into more direct contact with some of the documentary sources, especially with the letters of Anselm. It also presents us with fuller notices of his numerous theological works, the Monologion and Proslogion, the Cur Deus Homo, the De Casu Diaboli, the Meditations and Hymns, and the rest. One or two differences in dates occur, and in the account of Anselm's "Nolo Episcopari" a discrepancy will be observed, while Mr. Rigg adopts a novel spelling of several names. But the book is decidedly valuable. It is based on an independent and thorough study of the sources, and it is written in an easy and agreeable style which frequently becomes terse and forcible. M. D.

MR. MILNER'S POEMS.*

"A violet by a mossy stone," a sheaf made up of many kinds of corn, a modest posy of woodland blooms—these are the images which rise in our minds as we read Mr. Milner's poems. The Manchester Literary Club has had a distinguished history, and it has done no work more worthy than that of compelling its president to draw from his repositories the verses which he has so reluctantly enshrined in this pretty volume. Something generous and gracious, something high-minded and tender breathes from the little collection. It has been carefully selected. There is hardly a hasty or one ill-judged line in it. Little more than a hundred and fifty pages and the work of forty years—the essence rather, the smiles and tears of a long and worthy life—few poets are so sparing of their songs. Many who do not know the author will appreciate to the full the depth of tenderness, the reserve, the dignity of many of the poems in these household verses; and all will bear witness to the graceful thought, the delicate sensibility, the large and generous mind of the writer. This makes perhaps the finest part of a fine, clear-lined, reticent book. For instance, the "Song" dated 1858, brings the warmth about the heart:

"Look out, little wife, from the door,
With a beck and a smile as I come,
When another day's battle is o'er,
To the shadow and quiet of home.

Look out, little wife, from the door,
When the dark falleth over the lane,
And my heart will run hasting before
Like a lover's to meet thee again."

We turn the pages almost with a reverent hand, for we feel that the life of a man is here, charily and reluctantly expressed, driven out almost, rather than set down of intent and determinate resolve. Wait a little. Over the page there is another, a song sung after nearly thirty years. The tone is lower, the lights screwed down. No more does the poet call his love to him,

"Come, golden-haired and radiant,"

but he puts all the pathos of the long, downward slope into a few lines.

"Aye, down the hill our steps are bent,
But hand in hand, nor ill content,
Together, Sweet, we go.
No more we toil, we climb no more,
We leave the glittering peaks behind,
And onward with a quiet mind,
Still hand in hand we go,
Where noiseless waters wash the shore,
And winds are soft and lights are low.
And only ask that thou and I
Together hand in hand may keep,
And at the last together sleep,
Together, Sweet, may lie."

Mr. Milner's prose idylls "Country Pleasures" and "Wild Arran" have had a very considerable and well-deserved success. But his poems, with their depth of feeling and undercurrent of pathos, will live. Few may notice them now, but because they have been put into the invincible eternity of print, these verses will never be wholly forgotten. "Every man has one good book in him," says a great author. And these verses contain a man's life. Can there be higher praise?

LANCELOT STRONG.

* "From Dawn to Dusk: A Book of Verses." (Manchester: J. E. Cornish, 1896.)

THE WEB OF AN OLD WEAVER.*

What luck this book may have with the world that has the momentary fame of a man in its hands, I have no skill to guess. There is a gently remote tone in its voice, as that of a quietist in literature; and a busy age is apt to require a more eager and clamouring appeal to its active goodwill. On the other hand, it speaks of universal things; the story is of the life of common men, with very common loves and sorrows. It is not written for the over-subtle; it offers itself simply to the simple. But whatever be the judgment of the general, I cannot think but that every lover of the exquisite and the tender who shall meet it, must take it for a friend, and delight in its graciousness and charm.

Before now the author has distinguished himself as a painter of Yorkshire scenes and manners. But "The Web of an Old Weaver" is as far removed from his former books as it is from the other novels of the day that crowd around it. I cannot give it rank; can only place it apart, because in its own persuasive way it leads one apart into very quiet fields. Yet, strangely enough, the tale is of stirring and troublous times among a rough, untamed folk. The hand looms were in their last struggles; the weavers were starving and desperate; the Corn Law agitation was alight; poor folks that eked out their family's living by a night's poaching were likely enough to find themselves entangled in a murderous fight with keepers. The central figure here was so entangled; fought, and all unwittingly killed his man, and lived in dread of the gallows for many a day. It is not a tame story. But the poacher is the old weaver by the time he tells the tale; he looks back on his hard struggling youth, on its privations and its terrors, through a mist of softening years. His recollections are clear; but the story is a memory, not a series of photographs. It is like a new showing of an old picture in which the colours have mellowed. The episodes that are presented as a young man would present them, if he could, are those that tell of the hopes and fears of love: the weaver being so made that only the adventures of the heart and soul have for him an unfading life without a separate past and present. I do not mean that the poaching scenes, the hue and cry of the pursuit, the fearful hiding in the Blind Ghyll are wanting in vigour; but in these we feel ourselves listening to an old man's tale by the fire. He brings the former things back to us, but we always see the old man: while in the love tale he is young again; we forget his grey hairs and his weak voice when he says, of the blackberry-gathering:—

"When I got near I could do nought, forsooth, but stand gazing, speechless, with a kind of joyful stir at the secret heart of me, till she looked sideways and saw me there—and gat, I think, a fright. For 'John!' she cried, and flushed up scarlet and then went pale about the mouth: 'Nay, John!'—yet all with a bonny smile of welcome. . . . At first, instead of being put at my ease, I felt such a flash of delight at hearing her speak merrily of our young days together, and because she proffered a gift to me, that I could not hold my hand from shaking when I put it into her basket; and besides, I seemed to breathe in a giddiness from her, standing so close. Now, it is a strange thing, but when I knew that she had seen it—for at the next peep I took at her face she was marvellously shy and swamous—I felt no more shame for it, but a kind of pride."

The weaver, for all his poaching adventures, is, even as a

* "The Web of an Old Weaver," given in by J. Keighley Snowden. (Sampson Low.)

young man, more at home in the quiet ways of life. But like many another gentle soul, he is the sympathetic friend and kindly chronicler of wilder natures. And so Weasel's fame does not suffer at his hands. Weasel is a born fascinator. I have met him before, but never knew him till the weaver took up his tale. He is the bold adventurer, the active idler, the witty upsetter of the plans of the stern gods and the policemen, the agreeable Bohemian, the favourite of women, wearing unshamed and delightfully the device of "Dieu m'a fait pour ne rien faire." A man with all the graces of his faults, and the courage of his irresponsible philosophy. "'Weasel,' I said to him one time, 'tha'rt fearful leet-gien (wanton). . . . How is't 'at tha doesn't get a job and settle down, like?' He answered, 'Fun and fancy. . . . Now what licks me is to see fowk tewing so hard. . . . An tell tha it's not worth tewing! Wha, some o' these owd doubled-up weyvers'll want their awn shap o' coffin. They'll niver be straightened out i' this world! But they'll not get nowght different; no, not if they spring t' lid off'" The weaver was a home-loving soul, but the vagabond was to him "one in ten thousand." Their parting, with its strained reticence, is a great scene.

This is only a hint of the matter of the book. Its manner seems to me exquisite. There is surely not a word too much anywhere, and I have found no wrong ones. There is no waste of eloquent writing, but when a man can put a scene thus into a few living words, it has a chance of being remembered:—"Daylight it was not fairly, but just in the sleepy chill when the stars go pale and the crows come flying low." And again, "There was a broad skyful of diamonds, and under it, all was covered with a grey garment of hoar-frost—all but the Crag, that made a strong black fence, notched and jagged, up against a glittering emptiness beyond it." There are, I think, no lengthier descriptions, but reading these, we know the face of the poacher's night and dawn! It is a very rare book. For many a day I have only found one other in which there is so fine a blend of spirit and of workmanship. A. M.

THE PREACHING OF ISLAM.*

Professor Arnold has produced a learned and interesting work. To trace the history of Islam in its missionary efforts is an undertaking which might well daunt the most industrious, but this volume proves that no pains have been spared which the task demanded. The gradual extension of Muhammadanism in all Eastern lands and in Spain is carefully traced and narrated in a clear and vigorous style. But unfortunately it is an *ex parte* history. "At the outset the reader should clearly understand that this work is not intended to be a history of Muhammadan persecutions, but of Muhammadan missions—it does not aim at chronicling the instances of forced conversions which may be found scattered up and down the pages of Muhammadan histories. European writers have taken such care to accentuate these, that there is no fear of their being forgotten, and they do not strictly come within the province of a history of missions." Certainly a writer is at liberty to choose his own line, and there is no question that a service is done by bringing out clearly this aspect of Muhammadanism. Nevertheless, it is almost inevitable that the prominence given to the more peaceful missionary efforts of Muslims will produce a false impression. For example, Professor Arnold quotes the Quran as enjoining persuasion and the affording of an asylum to unbelievers; but he does not quote what is found in the same Sura, the explicit command to make war upon unbelievers; nor does he allude to the frightful language of the preceding Sura, which shows us very plainly the root of the cruel oppression and bloodthirstiness which have so commonly stained and still stain the annals of Islam. As tracing one strand in the thread of Muhammadan history, Professor Arnold's laborious work is worthy of much praise, but there are other strands of a darker hue which must also be recognised. M. D.

* "The Preaching of Islam: A History of the Propagation of the Muslim Faith." By T. W. Arnold, B.A., Professor of Philosophy, Muhammadan Anglo-Oriental College, Aligarh. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

AN ADMIRABLE LETTER-WRITER.*

In these letters a girl of the last century and of ours actually lives again for us. None of the life has gone out of them in the hundred years that have passed since they were written. As to whether she deserves to rank with the de Sevigné's, whose correspondence has become classics in their country's literature, there may be two opinions. Purists may object to some informalities, some slang, some unparliamentary language that she indulged in very freely. But whether she be the literary equal of Madame de Sevigné or not, I think she is a great deal more amusing.

Maria Josepha was the elder daughter of John, Lord Sheffield, a very serious-minded member of Parliament, afterwards a no less serious-minded peer, an authority on commerce, finance, and agriculture, but best remembered now as the friend of Gibbon. From her earliest years she seems to have been fitted to be the companion of her elders, and was probably the mental equal of many of them. Yet, wonderful to relate, she was never a prig, probably because she was always a wit. Even through the solemnity of her childish phrases there is a light of laughter. "You desire to have a journal of my London life," she writes to her favourite aunt, at the age of twelve; "You forget who you are writing to. I am no Rake." She was the critic of her family and her circle of acquaintance—a keen but not an ill-tempered satirist, with a perfect command of her pen, at an age when most children labour wearily to fill a smudged half sheet of paper with bald facts and insincere wishes. Of her father's pursuits she writes, in 1784—she was then thirteen—"We have no hope that he will now ever be better than an Author. If he must be one I wish he was a Poet; it would be pleasanter to me when I speak to him that he should utter some sublime verses, than let it appear he was attending only to the Herring Fishery or the Woolen Manufacture. I am occasionally employed to read some horrid and almost illegible Manuscripts on these Subjects; dear Mamma does not doat upon these pursuits more than Louisa or I; Louisa calls it 'nasty commerce!'" Her friends acknowledged her powers, and perhaps she recognised them herself, seeing that she evidently took an interest in famous letter-writers. But the consideration of these has never influenced her style, which is her own, which is indeed herself. Witty, critical, impulsive, warm-hearted, independent, easy-mannered, and not given to fine ladyisms; such she reveals herself in the directest, in the most vivacious manner. The relations between her and the privileged reader are of a very cordial character; and one good reason, apart from her amusingness, is her obvious incapability of bearing malice. They were always scolding or trying to do her good, in a very friendly way, of course. You learn from anxious, loving relatives that she had a hot temper, that she was sometimes brusque, that she was not quite so primly decorous as the young persons of her epoch. And she takes it all in good part, and sympathetically, knowing that she has a very nice talent for criticism herself. Remorse blazes in her sometimes. "I will only throw myself upon your Heart, which knows mine under all its rubbish for the rough, Precious stone (am I much too vain?) that the Cock was scratching for in the Dunghill. I have a great mind to promise—I hardly dare write the word perform—that with a little more scratching it shall appear in native Lustre." But she is not a sentimentalist. Intellectually she has the clear, dry temper of the last century; for all her generous instincts, she is practical rather than enthusiastic. This is how she regards Miss Burney's imprudent marriage. "Should you not have formed a better opinion of the author of 'Cecilia'? I hope we shall benefit by her Folly, for I think if she has many productions of Nature, those of Art must keep pace with them, to find them in Meat, Drink, and Clothing." And the revolutionary exaltation of a famous and beautiful contemporary only moved her to laughter. "Lady Edward Fitzgerald, *alias* Pamela, has introduced a red cap for the ladies to represent the Cap of Liberty, and they are Fools enough many of them to wear it." But underneath her

* "The Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd (Lady Stanley of Alderley). Recorded in Letters of a hundred years ago: from 1776 to 1796." Edited by J. H. Adeane. (Longmans.)

reticence, her laughter and her dry humour, there is real tenderness, and her letters to intimate friends on the eve of her wedding are among the pleasantest, the most touching, and the most dignified of their kind.

Gibbon, who knew her well, had a high admiration of her powers, and speaks of the "mixture of just observation and lively imagery, the strong sense of a man expressed with the easy elegance of a female," in her correspondence. "You must not," he goes on, "you shall not, think yourself unworthy to write to any man; there is none whom your correspondence would not amuse and satisfy." Again he says, "That amiable author [herself] I have known and loved from the first dawning of her life and coquetry, to the present maturity of her talents." But Gibbon even was not above playing the pedagogue to reprove her "sallies of imagination," and her "energies of character," just the things that made her a rare and delightful human being. Well, for all her affection and respect for "our Thucydides," she was a pretty watchful critic of his foibles, and Gibbon in undress appears again and again in her correspondence.

I have spoken as if the letters were mainly interesting for their unconscious revelations of character. As such they mainly interest me. But it would be a mistake to speak of them from this point of view only. Maria Josepha was a traveller through Europe in the stormy days of the French Revolution, the family making their way through France to Gibbon's house at Lausanne in 1791. She lived in the midst of politicians, was a keen politician herself, belonged to the great world, did not despise it, and is an incomparable narrator. The book is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the time, for it is rare to find the serious, intelligent observer of public men and revolutions not above chronicling the gossip of the hour and the cut of a Court gown. The letters end when the writer was twenty-five years old and just married. Has the correspondence of Lady Stanley of Alderley not been preserved? If it has, how better can we show our gratitude for this altogether delightful book than by clamouring for more? A. M.

SIR HERBERT MAXWELL ON DUMFRIES AND GALLOWAY.*

Messrs. Blackwood's series of "County Histories of Scotland" will be a very useful and popular one, even although it may not obviate the necessity for a new Statistical Account. It opened well with Sheriff Mackay's lucidly written, well-arranged and informing volume on Fife and Kinross. No doubt the Sheriff is here and there a trifle dryasdustish, and the religious romance of "the Kingdom" has not cast a glamour over him. But he writes from a very full head and a fairly warm heart. The second volume of the series, dealing with Dumfries and Galloway, has been entrusted to the hands of Sir Herbert Maxwell. None ought to have been more competent except those of Mr. Crockett and the author of the delightful "Rambles in Galloway." And yet this book is by no means as good as it might have been. Slipshod sentences, and indefensible errors in matters of detail, would seem to indicate that Sir Herbert has written more than one chapter too hurriedly. While he does justice to the ancient history of a region that probably suffered from the long conflict with England more than any other in Scotland—and possibly sinned as much—he does not, in spite of passages upon agriculture, "social condition," and smuggling, reproduce "the people" either in the modern and democratic sense or as they figure in the pages of "Guy Mannering" and "The Raiders." You can see the Mucklebackits of Fifeshire in the midst of their labours and superstitions in Sheriff Mackay's volume; but Nanty Ewart is not a reality in Sir Herbert Maxwell's. He has made a great mistake, too, considering the recent extraordinary developments of both Dumfriesshire and Galloway, in not bringing down his narrative beyond the end of the eighteenth century. He could have given a delightful contrast of the "then and now" type, which might have stood comparison with Macaulay's famous "State of England" chapter, and which would have rounded off his work symmetrically. Sir Herbert's plan has also prevented him from doing justice to Thomas Carlyle, in many respects the most remarkable man produced by the region of which he writes—the product too of the Solemn League and Covenant, and of the Border raids, which between them constitute two-thirds of Dumfriesshire and Galloway history. This omission is all the more to be regretted, because Sir Herbert might well have spared to Carlyle a few of the seventeen sloppy and scandalously inaccurate pages he devotes to Burns. It was bad enough to trust implicitly for the biography of the poet to Allan Cunningham, who never succeeded in being accurate even when he tried. But Sir Herbert has made a number of preposterous blunders on his own account. Referring to Burns's visit to Edinburgh he says, "There he found kind Ayrshire friends—Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, and Mr. Dalrymple of Ayr." Would Sir Herbert be good enough to say if this "Mr. Dalrymple of Ayr" is the "Da'rymple mild" who baptised the poet, and to indicate where in Edinburgh Mrs. Dunlop lived—presumably the same Mrs. Dunlop who gave Burns an introduction to Adam Smith? Referring to Burns's betrothal to Highland Mary, Sir Herbert speaks of Jean Armour's "faithless lover." Is he ignorant of the fact that Burns regarded Jean as the "faithless lover"? Sir Herbert seems to have no knowledge of the letter to Graham of Fintry, in which Burns explains away the silly story of his sitting "hatted in his seat" in the Dumfries theatre when "God save the King" was being played. A little reading might have saved Sir Herbert from saying, "In truth it is only too likely that he was not fit for the office of supervisor, and he was passed over." Not only do the recovered books of the Excise give the exact date when Burns, had he lived, would have become a regular supervisor, but he actually was acting in that capacity a year before his death. But "the immortal ballad of 'Tam o' Shanter,' composed, *as the poet assured Lockhart*, in a single day's walk beside the Nith," beats hollow all previous achievements in the way of blundering about Burns. Lockhart was no doubt precocious, but even Mr. Lang, his generous and discriminating apologist and biographer, has not represented him—he was born July 14th, 1794—as at the age of two receiving the literary confidences of Burns.

It is a pleasanter duty to mention the more excellent features of Sir Herbert Maxwell's volume. As was to be expected of the author of one of the best full-dress romances—rather too elaborately full-dress—that have appeared since the death of Whyte Melville, he tells admirably the story of the Novantæ, and the Atecotti and Ninian. He is an impartial chronicler of the War of Independence, and, all things considered, of the struggle which ended in the triumph of Presbyterianism. He is seen at his best, however, in his history of Galloway during the period of the moss-troopers. Here his archæological knowledge has enabled him to make use of historical documents to which justice has not hitherto been done. Should, as is highly probable, a second edition of this book be called for, Sir Herbert Maxwell would have comparatively little trouble in rendering it practically perfect. W. WALLACE.

* "A History of Dumfries and Galloway." By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P. (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons. 1896.)

NOVEL NOTES.

ON THE FACE OF THE WATERS. By F. A. Steel. 6s. (Heinemann.)

We do not meet with a novel of this order once in ten years. It is a monument of patient labour, a store-house of precise facts. On its imaginative side it is strong, and deeply impressive. Architecturally it is a wonder—but we did not recognise this very early. Mrs. Steel's aim was to write a history of the Indian Mutiny which should at the same time be a work of fiction, the fiction to serve the history by lighting it up with living human interest. As to her facts, she says "The reader may rest assured that every incident bearing in the remotest degree on the Indian Mutiny, or on the part which real men took in it, is scrupulously exact, even in the date, the hour, the scene, the very weather." A critic of fiction has most concern with the other part, and there we hold that Mrs. Steel has used her

vast array of knowledge with great skill, that she has made us realise, as we never did before, the signs of the oncoming storm, the mystery and tragedy of it, the sensations of the natives, loyal and disaffected, and of the Anglo-Indians. No one has taken such trouble before, save historians, and they have left the imagination out. Of the fineness of the detail it is impossible to speak too highly, or of the great mental force that has shaped the mass of facts, personalities, sensations into a whole. But it has the defects of its qualities. A reader is sometimes overwhelmed, dazed, and baffled by the demands on his attention. Such a book should be given its best chance—which is the careful consideration of ample leisure. It is not a play-hour novel, but a bit of hard reading, with matter in it to reward the labour, and to rouse the keenest admiration for the writer's force and her sympathetic imagination.

THE CARISSIMA. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)

In the case of so puzzling a book as this it is safest first of all to assert its clear undoubted merit. Lucas Malet has nothing to learn about the technicalities of novel-making. For sheer cleverness and for force of style this book could have few rivals in any year. She is among the few writers of fiction that give us pleasure by their workmanship. But we are impelled to venture on the most impertinent kind of criticism, a criticism of the subject. That is really a writer's own concern, and, having chosen it, if he deals with it in a capable manner, there is nothing else to be said by a critic that aspires to speak from a literary standpoint. Such is the glib modern view. But a story like this makes us doubt the view. It is about a man, a good staunch fellow, who wins our affections at once. He was haunted by the apparition of a dog. He confessed the fact to the girl whom he loved, and she, not quite satisfied with his wealth, his devotion, and his admirable character, plotted with a clever, contemptible hanger-on of hers, to make the hallucination worse. The end is tragedy for the good lover, and a fine income for the loved one. We apologise for the crudeness of this summary, but told even with all Lucas Malet's grace and ingenuity, the story itself is crude. We think there is a great deal in that dog, but we are also sure that not one patient reader in a thousand will find out exactly what there is. But, story apart, the book is a masterpiece. The Carissima, that interesting humbug, the æsthetic villain Gerrard, the father and mother Perry, and even the folks that only cross the stage, are drawn in so capable and so subtle a fashion, that we end by saying—no matter what kind of narrative was the excuse for bringing these people together, it is more than justified by their existence.

LE SELVE. By Ouida. 2s. 6d. (Unwin.)

Ouida in her sanest temper, denying herself gorgeous circumstance and grotesque sublimity, is very bitter. Perhaps there is even some extravagance in her fierce attack on the particular kinds of human nature in which she has neither hope nor belief. But we must admire the vigour of her attack. It is the untamed savage, or the decivilised peasant, of certain wild parts of Italy that rouses her anger here. The estates known as Le Selve, forest and pasture land between the lakes of Bracciano and Vico, are, according to her, inhabited by beasts in the guise of men, stupid, ferocious, treacherous. A Russian enthusiast, exiled for his political faith, is appointed steward, and to raise the people and deal justice and gentleness to them are his sole desires. They answer him with vindictive hatred. His life is attempted over and over again, and it had been at last forfeit, save for the intervention of his one friend, a peasant woman, with a heart and brain, who brings him aid, and dies for it at the hands of her cowardly kinsman. Muriella is an impressive and touching figure. Save for her, we should gladly forget or disbelieve the story of a race so malignant and so besotted.

SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PEOPLE. By Mrs. Gledwyn Jebb. (Blackwood.)

Mrs. Jebb's long residence abroad, her familiarity with very many nationalities, should serve her well for purposes of fiction. She has made an excellent beginning here. In this volume she gives little more than anecdotes or sketches of single figures whose eccentricities have amused her. But of their kind they are excellent, vivacious, pointed, and everywhere showing capacity and a keen sense of humour.

THE WHEELS OF CHANCE. By H. G. Wells. (Dent.)

Mr. Wells has performed a feat. He has written the first bicycle novel, readable by such as have not fallen victims to cyclomania. He has guided, or hurled, his personages along a very well-known route, made them stop at favourite places, very much as the editor of a cycling paper would have advised him to do; has given in fully to the present demand for what we believe is called local colour. But its interest goes far beyond that, and, though it is perhaps hard to believe, the chief interest lies in the study of character. Every personage, pursued or pursuing, is well drawn; but the hero, Hoopdriver, Squire of Dames, with hardly a day between him and the linen-draper's counter, is very cleverly imagined, and, though this does not appear at the beginning, with real sympathy, too. There is one scene worthy of "Pickwick," and there are many that are sprightly and altogether enjoyable.

A WELL-MEANING WOMAN. By Clo. Graves. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Here is a novel that points a serious moral mostly in a jest. Another writer might have made a very melancholy thing of it, but we thank this author or authoress for the cheerful spirit in which the most tangled conjugal difficulties are envisaged. The writer's smile is a really potent light by which to unravel the knots. Lady Baintree, the awful warning, the match-maker who drags the most unsuitable persons together, and declares their marriage was designed by Heaven, is really charming. We cannot but forgive her—they seem to have been mostly fools in her circle—though her trade should be made a criminal offence. And two of her "cases" we shall not readily forget. One is the meek Pope Dollimore whose happiness was twice shipwrecked by the well-meaning woman's counsel, and who suddenly was transformed from victim to tyrant, compelling the criminal to become his third and only tolerable wife. The other is Poppet, who, in a short escape from school, managed to put in quite an astonishing amount of flirtation and intrigue. It is awful to contemplate her future. Don't do it. It would make the book serious, and it is only amusing, very amusing. This writer should have talents for stage-writing.

MARIS STELLA. By Marie Clothilde Balfour. (Lane.)

"Maris Stella" is a realistic tale of low-class French life in a seaport town. The characters are few and unattractive, the plot is disagreeable and pathological, and yet the story is interesting. Poldine, bourgeoise, respectable, placid, serene, marries Laumec, a common sailor, who falls in love with her "clean superiority." However, the wedding proves not quite a success, the cleanliness and superiority frighten poor Laumec, he feels "as if some white and shining angel had stepped into his life, disturbing its accustomed habitudes." Nevertheless, things for a time go on very well, and if Laumec does not feel at home with his wife, he still admires and reveres her. But one day comes a trial of will between them. Poldine, clean and calm, refuses to yield, and her calm, cheerful resistance (admirably described) rouses violent, perhaps excusable anger in Laumec, and finally in wrath he leaves her. Neither Poldine nor Laumec will yield, and eventually the situation so preys upon Poldine that her reason gradually gives way, and from this point to the end of the story the novel is chiefly a study in insanity. The narrative is somewhat rambling and inconsequent, yet the story is wonderfully vivid, and the few characters in the book—Poldine, Laumec, the mother-in-law, the doctor—stand out distinct and alive. Laumec's respectful admiration for Poldine, the will-contest between them, the gradual failure of Poldine's mind are depicted with no little power, while the description of Poldine's housekeeping, and "the table set with the gay Breton faience, the flowers in red and golden vase, and the little linen cloth," is very picturesque and charming. Miss Balfour would seem to have decided gifts as a novelist, and if she choose a more pleasant subject, she may write a much better novel; but even "Maris Stella" will repay perusal.

AN ERRING PILGRIMAGE. By Noel Ainslie. 6s. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

In pity for Jim, the "Erring Pilgrim," and out of real liking for him, we wish he had been given a subordinate part to play in this story, as subordinate a part as his limited

gifts forced him to play in life. It is a little hard on him to be driven into such prominence, and to be analysed only to show his lack of complexity. We are inclined to blame him for being no better material than he is, while the writer is exciting all her great skill in proving that an idle hanger-on of a pretty woman, a brainless and one-idead young man, is worth all our attention and sympathy. At the end he is a hero, after his own blundering but unselfish fashion. He cannot be happy himself, but she whom he loves might be a good deal happier than she is, if he were under the sod, and his revenues still to the fore. So he puts himself out of the way. This exceedingly clever book suffers from its material. Of the three principal characters, this man cares for nothing but to dangle round the woman he cannot marry; the woman he can't marry cares for nothing in life except the luxuries and the social prestige she can't have; and the woman he won't marry for nothing but the masculine attentions which her secluded, serious bringing up has never taught her how to attract. This is very depressing. The second woman, it should be said, has her will in the end. She receives the attention she craves, but from the wrong man, from a very objectionable man, but she accepts them, which is a pity or a slander. For brisk Dolly, the successful little actress who got and took what she wanted, we feel much gratitude. But we only quarrel with the book because it gives us the blues. Granted the material, it was bound to do so. There is marked ability in it; and beneath a cynicism which is only superficial, a great deal of sympathy and of insight. We shall hear of "Noel Ainslie" again.

MRS. CLIFF'S YACHT. By Frank R. Stockton. 6s. (Cassell.)

The first half of Mr. Stockton's new story is frankly concerned with money: and money never played a more amusing part in fiction or life. It is a burdensome possession, for it continues to pile up and up at the bankers of a good lady who does not despise it, but who is afraid of losing all the friends of her humbler days if she changes her fashion of living to any considerable extent. From sheer timidity she remains uncomfortable till bold advisers come on the scene. Readers of "The Adventures of Captain Horn" must remember Mrs. Cliff, one of the sharers of his dangers and of his wonderful treasure. This sequel promised to be much more tamely amusing till we had reached half-way, when the good lady makes a bound into reckless expenditure by the purchase of a yacht, which she is to use for philanthropic purposes. A synod of ministers is its first cargo; and then comes Mr. Stockton's opportunity, which, of course, he does not waste. To say that the crew desert and that the ministers are wanted for something more than saying grace, that they get mixed up with a treasure-ship and with pirates, should be hint enough of the lively incidents a reader may expect. Like everything Mr. Stockton writes, it is good-natured and twinkling all over with fun, hiding only from the very dull an unusual amount of cleverness under its mask of simplicity.

IRAS: A Mystery. By Theo. Douglas. 3s. 6d. (Blackwood.)

There is a solution to the mystery of "Iras." The hero's friends suggested it several times, but it never satisfied him, nor, presumably, the writer of the story. And who are we to set up our opinion against author and hero? Lavenham, an Egyptologist, ordered a fine mummy to be sent over to him in a case of Turkey sponges. When he opened the mummy-case in his London lodgings, he found a beautiful living lady, a few thousand years old, who talked excellent English, and called him her lord. Like the honourable man he was, he wished to marry her, and as a preliminary to that, he made coffee for her in an ætna, and dressed her in garments which "converted her at once from the sculptor's dream, which she had been previously, into the likeness of a woman of fashion"—a deplorable result. That was not his only blunder. A clairvoyante had told him, "Beware of the snows of winter, and Orion low in the east." Yet he spent his winter honeymoon in Scotland, which was enough to cut short the days of any three-thousand-year-old Egyptian. True, her decay came about, according to him, by the gradual robbing of the pendants of her necklace by a ghostly hostile hand. To skip a little, he was found lying with brain fever on a hillside, in a snow-storm, with a swathed mummy by his side. Yet there were witnesses, shrewd Scotch witnesses, too, of his marriage to a living woman. It is a head-racking puzzle: no wonder it brought on the hero a failure of memory. But as a mystery it hardly serves its purpose, for we have never for a moment believed it, nor even wished to.

THE PRINCESS DESIREE. By Clementina Black. Illustrated. 6s. (Longmans.)

This is a pretty little romance of the kind there is always an audience for. A charming young Republican of noble birth accompanies, as interpreter, an ambassador who goes to a German court to arrange about the marriage of a young princess. He finds the princess a very enlightened young person, of constitutional principles in spite of her evil bringing-up in the midst of absolutism. She is likewise ravishingly beautiful, and strong-minded, and will have nothing to do with the proposed marriage. When she asserts herself, there is a fine turmoil, but she comes out of it all Grand Duchess and triumphant. The charming young Republican, who has stuck to her throughout, gets the only reward which he would have thought worth his acceptance.

THE WAY OF MARRIAGE. By Violet Hunt. 6s. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall.)

The problem why this man outraged all his friends by marrying that woman, and vice-versa, is a suggestive beginning for theories and stories. Miss Hunt lets theories alone, but tells illustrative stories brilliantly. In the Way of Marriage we are shown there is a good deal of chance, a good deal of trickery, much bitterness, and not a little excellent luck. Miss Hunt knows her London well, makes no blunders, and many shrewd guesses. In her treatment of human nature sympathy shows through more than it did in her earlier work, though we acknowledge the cynicism never did go very deep down, but only fought hard with a very persistent amount of sentiment. Of the twelve stories here, eleven are clever, capable, very real and actual. The last, perhaps the most ambitious, is not quite a success, because Miss Hunt has made the very rare mistake of handling the wrong material. The supernatural, or anything approaching it, is out of her province. Mrs. Arne and her devitalised husband should have been left to hands that cannot spin the tragi-comedy of Mayfair.

THE LIFEGUARDSMAN. A Tale of the English Revolution. 6s. (A. and C. Black.)

As this story is said to be "adapted from" "De Kaptein van de Lijfgarde" by Hendrik Jan Schimmel, it is impossible to apportion the praise very justly between the Dutch writer and his English introducer. But it is safe to give a considerable portion to the latter, seeing how detailed is the English portion of the story, and how careful is the attention paid to correct topography and names. We have no other novel giving so intimate an account of how things fell out, and what obscure events and persons helped and hindered the overthrow of James II. Written by a Dutchman, William of Orange is done perhaps more than justice to in the novel. Perhaps his character is less faithfully painted than are the other public personages of the time. But though the story of intrigues, of Protestant triumphs, and the campaign in Ireland, provide material for a stirring narrative, highly refreshing to the historical knowledge of the general reader, the chief interest of the book turns round the private person, the Lifeguardsman, not all a hero, mistaken, erring, unfortunate, yet a brave man, and of the kind that stirs our sympathies more than do immaculate heroes; for if his light flickered sometimes, he never let it out on this side death.

A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE. By Emma Marshall. Illustrated. 5s. (Seeley.)

Nicholas Ferrar's house at Little Gidding is the "haunt of ancient peace," and naturally Mrs. Marshall has made Ferrar's friends George Herbert and John Donne the outstanding personages of the story. Her intense interest in scenes of historical and literary importance has often been able to make them alive again for her readers. But here we think she has not been so happy. With all her good qualities, refinement, insight, and sincerity, she is not lively, and now that she has to make Herbert and Donne talk

together of spiritual things, her manner degenerates into mere solemnity. This is a warning to young people, among whom she finds her usual audience. Many older folk will be glad to refresh their Little Gidding memories by her story and by Mr. Crawford's drawings.

SOME WHIMS OF FATE. By Ménie Muriel Dowie. 2s. 6d. (Lane.)

The few short stories gathered under this name, have a good chance of being better, in a literary sense, as well as more pleasing, than the writer's "Gallia," for they don't set out to prove anything, or defy anything, or present types for guidance or warning. They are merely episodes and pictures of people of a more or less, and rather more than less, interesting kind, brightly presented. But the most ambitious of all, "Wladislaw's Ambition" seems to us, we must frankly say, a failure, because neither the morally impressive nor the horrible happens to lie within the writer's power. It ends in an anti-climax. The model masquerading in the saintly garments was not the Christ, nor did he feel himself to be the Christ, and his appearance in the bacchanalian scene, as she says herself, "carried no lesson, gave no warning, it altered nothing, and was of no use." It carried illusion to none. If it had, it would have brought less disgust to the reader. Perhaps "The Hint o' Hairst" does not show the clever authoress at her liveliest. But the remaining three are excellent, and we especially single out for commendation "A Cowl in Cracow." As stories they are good, simple, bright and well-managed, and their easy, generous sympathy with life and life's adventures and misadventures is particularly engaging.

ALL-FELLOWS. Seven Legends of Lower Redemption. With Insets in Verse by Laurence Housman. (Kegan Paul.)

We are met at the outset by a prefatorial warning that "being only a portion of a projected whole," the book "does not go more than half way to the final realisation of its scheme, and remains so far the statement of an essentially incomplete phase of spiritual emotion. Unless thus reckoned with, expressions which were meant to be relative or conditional rather than positive, dramatic rather than theoretic, will cause a shock to readers who imagine that an assault is meant on things which they hold sacred." Now in the first place we are willing to believe that if the "projected whole" had been set before us, we might more easily have understood what Mr. Housman was driving at. As it is, the portion leaves us entirely in the dark. With the best will in the world, all the wits Providence has blest us with, and much admiration for the writer's abilities, we see no trace of a plan, and very little mark of spiritual or other meaning in any of the stories save the last three. Of these three, the first is a muddle, but it has a faint human interest; the second is pretty in a commonplace way; and the third is a gem. What its place and function in the plan may be, we neither know nor care. But "When Pan was Dead" by itself, without context or commentary, is exquisite—one of the most beautiful contrasts of Pagan joy and Christian woe we are ever likely to meet. For the rest, the stories seem to us grotesque without being imaginative, and what they are all about is beyond our striving ambition to know. We have not taken relative expressions for positive ones, nor wickedly supposed dramatic scenes to express a theory; and we have not been at all shocked, or thought Mr. Housman meant to "attack things sacred." His attitude, where we can see it, is distinctly devotional. We have tested the prose and the verse on others, with minds not "of a literal persuasion," and have come to the conclusion that our own poor wits are justified in thinking that the fault lies not in any inherent difficulty of the subjects, but in the fact that Mr. Housman has not taken the trouble to speak out. You can't do so, he thinks and says, in his still more incomprehensible verse,

> "Never shall life clear utterance show
> To reach the hearts of men."

But it can and does. Literature has gone to the core of the human world before Mr. Housman's time. The New Testament has done so, and it is quite coherent. Speak by symbols, by ejaculations if you will, but the measure of the power of such on the hearts of men is their clear message to these hearts—to humour Mr. Housman we do not say to the understandings; but we might.

From Irving's "The Alhambra," with more than 200 Illustrations. (Macmillan.)

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE ALHAMBRA. By Washington Irving. With an Introduction by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated with drawings of the places mentioned by Joseph Pennell. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Pennell's drawings of Spanish landscape and architecture are the most pleasing things he has given us for some time. Graceful, effective, and generously numerous, they make an ideal edition of an old favourite book. Among the majority perhaps Washington Irving needed no championship; but Mrs. Pennell's part is not uncalled for. The newer generation, led away by the art of Gautier and the sensational suggestions of Maurice Barrés, are a little apt to forget that the sincere enthusiasm and the admirable descriptive style of Irving are not so easily superseded.

Mr. Housman's impressively drawn and highly imaginative drawings here and elsewhere know what they mean, and in their own original and, we think, delightful manner say it.

THE LITERATURE OF MUSIC. By James E. Matthew. Book-lover's Library. (Stock.)

This is a very good general guide to the best works in the the history of music, to dictionaries, to the literature of the opera, of musical instruments, and to musical bibliography. There is less talk, and there are more facts than in the other volumes of the series, and if Mr. Matthew has made a less readable book than some of his colleagues, he has helped the musical student a good deal more. It is nearly up to date so far as we have tested it with regard to prominent books, but not quite. Mr. Streatfield's very useful book on "The Opera" is not mentioned.

THE MONEY-SPINNER, and other Character Notes. By H. Seton Merriman and S. G. Tallentyre. Illustrated. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Success in this kind of work is only for the experienced, the sympathetic observer of life, and the delicate artist. These pen portraits are nearly all first-rate. Stories, dramatic situations, conditions of life, are suggested and flashed on you in the brief descriptions of this or that man's habit of conversation and outlook on the world. But our hearty admiration for the best forces the opinion that there are a few poor in matter, though none that are not admirable in manner. To the heart of Mr. Merriman and Mr. Tallentyre only simplicity, good old-fashioned views and virtues make any appeal. It would be well, therefore, if they kept their praise, their humour, and their satire for simple and usual men, women, and things. Their satire of persons who are groping their way among the experiments of modern life is superficial, provincial, cheap—satire of mere caricatures, though always neatly expressed. But "The Labourer," "The Beauty," "The Spinster," "The Peasant," "The Frenchman" are charming. They make an appeal to the heart, and the response must take the form of a demand for another series of character notes from the collaborators.

THE EARLIER ENGLISH WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS. By Cosmo Monkhouse. Second Edition. (Seeley.)

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has done wisely in reprinting his book again substantially in its first form. To have added a chapter on the later developments of water-colour painting would have but touched on a subject full of difficulty and controversy, and on ground which is not yet at least acknowledged to be English at all. As it is, the book is a history of an art peculiarly English, which flourished for a century and a half, which included such shining lights as David Cox, Peter de Wint, Girtin, Turner, Copley Fielding, and Prout, even if its great traditions have now degenerated, and are represented by the pretty nothings of the surviving country drawing-master. The traditions are dead. The men of vigour who adopt this medium to-day see with other eyes and use another language. But whatever they may rise to, they only succeed, not supersede the others—the great and delightful artists whose histories and aims and triumphs are recorded by Mr. Monkhouse. The amount of information here given, in popular form, certainly does not exceed what might be easily assimilated by such as would enjoy with intelligence our national and municipal water-colour collections, and the opportunities the loan exhibitions present every year in London and elsewhere.

SCHOLAR-GIPSIES. By John Buchan. 5s. (Lane.)

Mr. Buchan's pleasant book is one of the many we owe to the happy inspiration of Robert Louis Stevenson. There is no conscious imitation; but Stevenson created for this generation the air that gives the kind of thing a friendly reception. The sixteen short essays have very considerable merit, and we foresee that in a few years their young writer may have grown into something better than a refined and amiable sayer of pleasant things. The tone is so modest, the sentiment so healthy that the worst symptoms of precocity are entirely absent. It is not on their more consciously ambitious side they show most ability. The intense love of nature of this scholar-wanderer in the upper valley of the Tweed, the unaffected interest in the shepherds and tramps of that countryside, and their quite unsentimental portraiture, are expressed not always with the greatest literary skill. But here we find, in Mr. Buchan's attitude of mingled sincerity and enthusiasm, the real promise of his powers. His pretty reflections, his rhapsodies, are much more finished and ambitious, yet they are just the things that make us almost wish he had put off the republication of the essays till life had given him something to say for himself. But it will; it must to anyone who has such a quick eye for the events of the high-road and the hill-path as Mr. Buchan has proved himself to possess.

NIPKIN. By Kate Mitchell. Illustrated by E. W. Mitchell. 2s. 6d. (Lawrence and Bullen.)

"Nipkin" is a story after the famous "Alice" pattern, and distinguished among the many that have followed that fashion, for it is witty in an unstrained way, very full of happy invention, and does not contain a tedious paragraph. We commend the adventures of Nipkin and the Boy with confidence, adding that the illustrations are worthy of the text.

IN BOHEMIA WITH DU MAURIER. The First of a Series of Reminiscences. By Felix Moscheles. With 63 Original Drawings by George Du Maurier, Illustrating the Artist's Life in the Fifties. (Unwin.)

The world was very young when Moscheles and Du Maurier worked at the Atelier Gleyre in Antwerp. Let it be put down to his credit in the domain of letters that the writer of these recollections has known how to put youth into his book. The drawings—little snap-shots, records of the joke of the moment, bright and clever as they are, and, of course, interesting in the history of Du Maurier as a draughtsman—must not run away with all the praise. It is not little to have made a book out of the recollections of the happiness of two madcap boys, with hardly an adventure between them worth narrating, whose high spirits and wit seem to have had nothing very distinguishing save innocence, and yet to leave a sympathetic reader satisfied and happy. Grace, innocence, irresponsibility, are conveyed to us, and the combination is something far rarer than disquisitions on an artist's professional progress. But on Du Maurier's side, at least, there was reason for anxiety in those madcap days. He thought he was going blind even then. Underneath a drawing of his friend's sister's eyes, he wrote, "Quand je les vois, j'oublie les miens (Reflexion d'un futur aveugle)." But there is no sign of despair; only very cheerfully he would tell his friend that he was "fearfully depressed." "Trilby" admirers will find the book worth reading for its suggestions about the originals of the characters in the novel, and its account of mesmeric séances. But its best recommendation should be that it is a book made out of nothing at all but the freakish sunshine of youth.

ON THE BROADS. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated by Joseph Pennell. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Pennell must not bear away all the glory of this book, though no one will grudge him his due. Mrs. Dodd, even without his or any other artist's aid, would have carried us along with her on her cruise, and infected us with her delightful good temper, her enthusiastic, watchful appreciation, her beaming enjoyment of all that such a cruise can contain of human and of landscape interest. She entered into the spirit of the thing even before it began; and that is the test of your perfect enjoyer. She never lost interest or the hope and delight in adventure. She is the American tourist after the most excellent fashion—untired, intelligent, welcoming men and things in the way to make men and things give out their best; and her book has the true holiday spirit in it, a diffusive, generous spirit. It takes the form of a loose story, with friendly characters, and the romance of a talkative and enthusiastic painter and a charming young girl; and this takes off the impression of guide-book from her information, which is as good as a guide-book all the same, to one of the most delightful holiday-grounds in England. If she sets off on another cruise some day, we beg that she will let us again share her holiday fun, and be kindled by her fresh interest in beauty and romance.

LAZY TOURS, in Spain and elsewhere. By Louise Chandler Moulton. 5s. (Ward, Lock.)

This is hardly a book to devote space to in your travelling-valise, for of facts it cannot boast as many as the humblest guide-book, and of suggestions of out-of-the-way pleasures

and expeditions it contains very few. But it has two pleasant uses, the one reminiscent, the other stimulating to desire. Whether it is of Burgos, or Sorrento, Rome, Florence, or Lucerne she is speaking, Mrs. Moulton has a pleasant manner of reference that recalls, suggests, and provokes. Even when writing of German, French, and English baths —the most usefully guide-booky part treats of these—she succeeds in making a holiday story rather than a depressing narrative of cures.

THE CHILD WORLD. By Gabriel Setoun. Illustrated by Charles Robinson. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

Of Mr. Robinson's part in this book it is impossible to speak too highly. His deftness, originality, and his surprisingness, always pleasant in kind, are indescribable in words. Buy the volume and you have a lasting treasure. Silence is best respecting Mr. Setoun's part. Beside the Jane Taylor and Dr. Watts verses of a far-away childhood these seem very insubstantial stuff, and lamentably tame if compared with their model, Stevenson's "Child's Garden." But Mr. Robinson has not minded. The prosiest phrase has set his fancy soaring. The atmosphere of commonplace in the verse has never compelled him.

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5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. C. D.—A most wholesome story. The medical faculty might find fault with it, for years of such a pampered life as your heroine led must have engendered some malady. A minor story paper might accept it for its healthy moral.

A. M. D.—You have the gift of words. This fluency may mean real power. I cannot judge from a thing which is all rhapsody. It does not test thought, nor the sense of proportion, nor imagination very much. But fluency is a good gift, if well supported.

ASPIRANT, LONDON.—Such a mistake could not have ruined a young man's prospects. Newspapers are full of such, and go blithely on, without apology. That a lord should be upset into a river would not set London talking. Perhaps the young man was morbid, and exaggerated the effect of his mistake. His editor would only have rated him, other editors would have laughed maliciously, nothing more. But the young man was not a born writer if he could make the reflection at the end. Your story is not unpromising for your years.

CARITA.—The motives of the verses are good. But both sets are too long for the matter you have put into them, and the words are a little commonplace.

ERICA.—There is one good scene, where the humble lover turns scornfully upon his selfish mistress. Otherwise there is very little reality about the story. One can take little interest in lovers so half-hearted. You should show more clearly whether or not you mean to make game of D. from the beginning. I should guess not from your tone, and yet you speak of her determination to play the Beatrice to the poet's Dante, and make her act the stupid critic when he talks of "the everlasting moorlands."

E. K. D.—You have talent. I don't think much of the diary as machinery in the plot. And I don't quite realise the young woman. In her second stage she was a *poseuse*. Why may I not think she was so always? You should omit that second stage, or laugh at it more, or explain it better. You will write well when you give up being smart. The story would be better from a literary point of view if weeded of some of its clevernesses. But as it is it has a fair chance of being accepted, and I wish you success.

E. P.—The style is dull, but the plot of the story is good enough. Try one of the more old-fashioned story-papers.

F. G. B.—It sounds very pretty, but I don't understand it. Verse 2 is fairly comprehensible. Why, in verse 3, do you say, "lift thy face unto the light" when you have just remarked that it is very dark?

M. E. HAL.—The story is told altogether from the outside. It should have chiefly concerned one of the three men, or all of them. But they are shadows. Even the widow is a shadow. The lookers-on at the tragedy get all your attention. A west-country newspaper might accept it. It would hardly be worth while sending it to the magazines you mention.

IRIS.—A very nice little tale. You should mention that the ex-convict got a "free pardon" before the marriage took place. Alter that very vague sentence about the questions on the notice paper. You have chosen a very easy version of the escaped convict story. Suppose he had been guilty, or even not good-looking, what should and would D. have done? The conversational parts are poor.

JECOBUS.—Very fair verse.

"Faint be my effort, but, etc.,"

should be—

"Faint though my effort, yet, etc."

KLAUS.—The idea is amusing, and there are bright passages, but a good deal of it is forced. You do not want a literary, but a stage test, applied to such a thing. If you could have it acted, or even read, by amateurs, it would show you where to cut and where the thing hangs fire. I confess I have skipped some of it, for the handwriting is cruel to an editor's eyes. I should have given a less vague judgment had the MS. been more legible.

MAURICE MACVICKER.—The sentimental verses might be accepted by a minor family magazine. They have a frail prettiness about them. The facetious ones do not seriously ask for criticism. I cannot judge of your merits from these. Perhaps prose is a more fitting medium for what you have to say.

M. F.—Begin at "Billy lived." The introduction is useless; no one would dispute your contention. There are loose sentences, *e.g.*, p. 2, "The boy's parents—despair." I like the beginning of the story, but don't see the use of the melancholy end; and I cannot believe that a sharp London boy like B. would have muddled an address. Supposing N. had lived, what would have happened? That is a more useful and interesting problem.

NAUTICUS.—A most impressive plot. Manner a little hysterical. If you could use sober language, not try to pile on effect by useless adjectives, you might learn to write, and use profitably your many experiences. You have some notion of rhythm in your sentences. At present it is rhetorical rather than literary. But even the style is not unpromising.

HARRIE ONGLEY.—Verses middling. Metre halts sometimes, and rhymes are uncertain. Not much in it. I shall read the novelette if you send it.

O. C.—Not very satisfactory. But I don't want to be too discouraging, as you seem to wish for some outlet to your genuine emotions. There is not quite enough stuff in the verses. Your metres are unhappy. You have very little sense of melody, else you could not have written "With a sodd'ning palling," and your rhymes are careless; Weeping, seeking; room, soon; listen, mission; Londoners, blunderers; conjurors; are a few examples. Stop your fluency.

O. P.—An interesting paper, especially where you deal with the subject according to nationalities. It is more adapted for reading at an essay society than for print. There is just enough matter in it for easy listening—hardly enough for reading, and what there is is a little elementary. What do you mean by "moral suasion is a very *fin de siècle* virtue"? I suppose you mean "modern virtue."

PEGASUS.—The subject of your longest poem might be satisfactorily treated at this length in a novel. In verse, it should be compressed into a stanza or two. Could you do it? The "Night" sonnet is the better, but it has a very weak ending. The other is not good.

JOHN QUILL.—Yes, it gives an idea of a beautiful country. But it presents no picture. I could hardly tell the character of the landscape, and that is what you want to do, according to your expressed ambition. The ambition is interesting, and I hope you will persist in it. These verses I should call promising—though a little vague.

REX.—Begins well. I like it less afterwards. It gets a little mawkish. You have in the end described a sentimental rather than a deep and loyal affection. But it is carefully written, and by a religious story paper might be accepted.

R. U. F.—Very brightly written. You are unjust to F., who was, I am sure, much the better human being of the two; and certainly more interesting. But yours is the popular judgment. You should succeed. I think you might omit the little homily, pp. 6-7, or insert the pith of it in C.'s letter.

S. W. R.—Creditable, especially on the moral side. But it is hardly strong enough to have a chance of being accepted. The verses are poor. Both prose and verse are lacking in matter. They are thin.

S. L. D.—Never completely translated, I think. A short selection appeared in a cheap form in the Scott Library.

WILLOUGHBY WEST.—As a first exercise in fiction this may pass. But I don't think such writing is very useful to you. You would do better to wait till you have grown, read, and thought a little more. What is "self (with a S)"?

FRANCES WHYTE.—I think it was a mistake to write it in verse Do not such lines as "Though I learnt from various masters all a well-bred maiden ought," and "I know Wilfrid well: his nature is more noble than your own," strike you as a little absurd? In prose the story might not be very striking, but it would be useful, and would, at least, have a rather better chance of acceptance than in verse.

M. W. B.—Your characters are nice simple folks, but a little too dull to make a story out of, unless you were to satirise them, and you are much too good-natured to do that. I fear I cannot give you much encouragement to persevere in writing fiction.

X. (Cork).—(1) Very good. A really excellent translation, save that in verse 3 you have used an epithet of which there is no suggestion in the original. (2) Good, but hardly worth translating.

ZADIG.—You have touched on an interesting subject, have made one or two very shrewd remarks and one or two very superficial ones. I don't think you will make much of your theme till you decide to limit and define it. Consider it in connection with good fiction, or with bad; better still with special books. Criticise the use of this Weapon in the hands of the Masters or of the Bunglers. An observation that holds good of the one is not true of the other. There is a market for this kind of thing, if it be particularly good.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible Helps, the Illustrated Bible and a New Concordance, edited by W. Wright, illustrated, 7/6.....Gowans
BROOKE, Rev. H.—Personal Consecration, 2/6.....Nisbet
Cambridge Bible: Isaiah, ch. 1-39, by Rev. J. Skinner, 4/- Cambridge Univ. Press
CARTER, G.—The Gospel according to St. Luke, 1/6.....Relfe
[*The introduction and numerous notes seem specially adapted for the use of candidates for examination.*]
COWAN, H.—The Influence of the Scottish Church in Christendom, 3/6 Black
For Each New Day, Daily Portions, illustrated by Extracts from Eminent Preachers, 3/6.....Nisbet
Hallowing of Sorrow, with Preface by H. S. Holland, 2/-.....Masters
HARNACK, Dr. A.—History of Dogma, translated by N. Buchanan, vol. 2, 10/9.....Williams & Norgate
LEWIS, Rev. W. P.—The Life to Come, 2/- net.....C. Taylor
Life of our Ladye, Scriptural, Traditional, etc., compiled by M.P., 5/- K. Paul
MILDMAY, Rev. St. J.—Laureates of the Cross, Six Sermons, 2/6 Stock
New Life in Christ Jesus, edited by J. Field, Introduction by Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, 5/-.....Innes
PLUMMER, Rev. A.—Commentary on Luke, 12/-.....T. & T. Clarke
Seed Basket, The.....Allenson
[*Outlines of sermons, Sunday-school and temperance meeting addresses, etc.*]
SPURGEON, C. H.—Words of Advice to Seekers, 2/-.....Passmore
SPURGEON, C. H.—Teachings of Nature in the Kingdom of Grace Passmore
[*Contains the first sermon of Spurgeon's that was ever printed, preached in* 1854.]
SPURGEON, C. H.—Words of Counsel for Christian Workers Passmore
[*Short homilies brightly illustrated by anecdote.*]
TOWNSEND, Rev. J. H.—Still Upward, Studies on the Second Half of the Church's Year, 3/6
WEBSTER, Rev. F. S.—Set to Obey, or Christ in Daily Life, 2/6 Nisbet
Work of the Church in London, with Introductory Lecture by Bishop of London, 3/6.....Murray

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—A Golden Autumn, a Novel, 6/-.... F. V. White
ASHTON, J.—Inmates of the Mansion, an Allegory, illus, 2/6....Digby
AUSTEN, J.—Emma, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 3/6.....Macmillan
BAKER, J.—The Gleaming Dawn, 6/- ..... Chapman
[*A stirring historical romance of the times of the Wycliffites and Husites. The writer's intimate knowledge of Bohemia, which he has shown in a former book, "Pictures from Bohemia," is utilised effectively here.*]
BARRETT, W.—The Sign of the Cross, 6/-.....Macqueen
BARRIE, J. M.—Sentimental Tommy, 6/- ..... Cassell
BALDWIN, Rev. J. R.—Indian Gup, Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny, 6/- ..... Beeman
BEAUMONT, M.—Joan Seaton, a Story of Percival Dion. 4/5 net Dent
BEHENNA, K.—The History of a Soul, 5/- net..... Digby & Long
BEHENNA, K.—Sidartha, a Story of Mystery, 6/- .....Digby & Long
BLACK, C.—The Princess Dé i ée, illus., 6/- .....Longmans
[*See p.* 125.]
BLAND, E. A.—The Next Thing, 2/6.....J. F. Shaw
Boarding-House Reminiscences. By Juloc, 2/6..... Unwin
[*An amusing study of numerous boarding-house types in London, at the seaside, Rome, and elsewhere, with good illustrations.*]
BOSANQUET, Mrs. B.—Rich and Poor, 3/6 net ..... Macmillan
BURGIN, G. B.—Tomalyn's Quest, 6/-.....Innes
Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1896, 1/..... Ward, Lock
[*This year's Annual more than sustains its long repute. It contains a novel by E. P. Train, called "A Social Highwayman," and several entertaining contributions by Mr. Guy Boothby, Mr. Pett Ridge, and other popular writers.*]
CAMERON, Mrs. L.—Two Cousins and a Castle, 3/6.....F. V. White
CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Maker of Moons, 6/-.....Putnams
CHARLETON, R. J.—The Picture of the King, 6/-..... Gay & Bird
COLQUHOUN, M.—Princes Three and Seekers Seven, Four Fairy Tales, illus., 6/- ..... Stock
CRAIG, R. MANIFOLD.—A Widow well Left, 6d.....Roxburghe Press
[*A readable Anglo-Indian story, uniting the novel of manners with the novel of adventure.*]
Daudet's Jack, trans. by L. Ensor, 2/6 .....Dent
DEBENHAM, M. H.—Holiday Tasks, a Story for Children, illus., 3/6 Jarrold
DRINKWATER, J. M.—Choosing and Chosen, 3/6 ..... J. F. Shaw
ELLIS, E. S.—Shod with Silence; The Phantom of the River, 2/6 each .....Cassell
FITZGERALD, K. M.—Behind the Bow Window..... S.P.C.K.
[*A story of village life, the principal character being a mean money-grabber, whose dishonesty is wholesomely exposed in the end. The workmanship is above the average of tales of this class.*]
FITZGERALD, S. J. A., and LLOYD, S. O.—The Mighty Tollice, a Romantic Story, 6/-..... Macqueen
FLETCHER, J. S.—Mistress Spitfire .....Dent
GIBERNE, A.—Old Comrades, 2/6.....J. F. Shaw
GRAHAM, W.—A Strange Solution, 6/-.....Chapman
GREVILLE, Lady V.—The Home for Failures, 6/-..... Hutchinson
[*There is an excellent idea in the story, and we follow the fortunes of the "Failures" who were benefited by Oriza's benevolence with much interest. But we resent the thought of the benevolent Oriza being a Failure, too, in the end. We are indignant with the tragedy at the close.*]
GROVES, Lieut.-Col. P.—Scotland for Ever, illus., 5/-.....Routledge
HAMILTON, M.—McLeod of the Camerons, 6/-.....Heinemann
HARTIER, O. and M.—Home Brewed from the West Country, 2/- Simpkin
HERBERT, P.—A Study in Sex.....Lamley
[*A rather dull problem novel.*]
HERMAN, H.—The Great Beckleswaithe Mystery, 3/6.....Simpkin
HOBBS, D.—Tales of Black-Country Life, 3/6.....Stock
HOLMES, F.—A Man among Men, 3/6.....Digby & Long
HUNT, V.—The Way of Marriage, illus., 6/-.....Chapman & Hall
[*See p.* 125.]
HUTCHINSON, J. R.—The Quest of the Golden Pearl, illus., 3/6 Ward & Downey
IRWIN, H. C.—A Man of Honour, 6/-.....Black
JEBB, Mrs. G.—Some Unconventional People, 3/6.....Blackwood
[*See p.* 124.]
JELF, E. A.—Eileen's Journey, History in Fairyland, 10/6.....Murray
JEWETT, S. O.—The Country of the Pointed Firs, 5/-.....Unwin
KELLY, Mrs. T.—A Leddy in her ain Richt, 6/-.....Hurst
KIELLAND, A. L.—Norse Tales and Sketches, 5/-.....Stock
KNIGHT, F. A.—In the West Country, illus, 6/-.....Simpkin
LILBURN, A.—The Borderer, 6/-.....Smith, Elder
Lifeguardsman, The, a Tale of the English Revolution, 6/-.....Black
[*See p.* 125.]
LYS, C.—The Dunthorpes of Westleigh, 6/-.....Downey
MCCHESNEY, D. G.—Miriam Cromwell, Royalist, 6/-.....Blackwood
MARSTON, L.—Love Conquers, 2/6.....J. F. Shaw
MATHERS, H.—The Juggler and the Soul, 3/6.....Jarrold
Maori Tales and Legends, collected and retold by K. M. Clark, illus., 6/-.....Nutt
MEADE, L. T.—A Little Mother to the Others, illus., 6/-; Merry Girls of England, 3/6.....F. V. White
MEADE, L. T.—Merry Girls of England, 3/6.....Cassell
[*A story sure to interest young people. The four heroines are varying characters, and adventures under modern conditions of life are sympathetically described.*]
MEADE, L. T.—The White Czar, 1/-.....Marshall, Russell
[*Very up to date in its incidents, seeing that it contains an account of the coronation of the Czar. But in spite of Nihilism, spies, and plots, the interest drags. The story is below this popular authoress's usual level.*]
Mere Pug, A, or the Romance of a Dog, by Nemo, 2/6 Digby & Long
MERRICK, L.—Cynthia, a Novel, 2 vols., 10/- net.....Chatto
Merlio, a Practical Love Story, by Mr. M., 6/-.....Bremen
MILLER, H.—The Dream of Mr. H——, the Herbalist, 2/6 Blackwood
MILMAN, H.—In the Garden of Peace, illustrated, 5/- net.....Lane
MITCHELL, K.—Nipkin, illustrated, 2/6..... .....Dent
[*See p.* 127.]
More Echoes from the Oxford Magazine, 5/-.....Froude
MORIER, J.—Adventures of Hajji Baba, edited by C. J. Wills, illus., 21/- net.....Lawrence & Bullen
NICHOLSON, J. L.—After Long Waiting, 2 vols., 12/-.....Hurst
OUIDA.—Le Selve, 2/6.....Unwin
[*See p.* 124.]
OXLEY, J. M.—On the World's Roof.....Nisbet
[*An English boy's adventures on Himalayan heights told in a spirited fashion.*]
PASTON.—The Career of Candida.....Chapman & Hall
PALLETT, T.—The Witch-Finder, 3/6.....Smith, Elder
PEMBERTON, M.—A Puritan's Wife, 6/-.....Cassell
PEEK, H.—The Chariot of the Flesh, 6/-.....Lawrence & Bullen
PLEDGE, E. M.—The Farrell Dishonour, 3/6.....Jarrold
REES, W.—Gwen and Gwladys, translated from the Welsh by W. R. Evans, 6/-.....Elliot Stock
SEYMOUR, G.—The Rudeness of the Hon. Mr. Leatherhead....Dent
[*Mr. Seymour has the first quality for success. He takes himself very seriously. This is the first story of a series called "Ethics of the Surface," and it contains a preface almost as long as itself, which explains why it is so important to study the superficial—"the ultimate culture" "an eminent man of letters" has called the study, referring to Mr. Seymour's attempt. Well, after all, we get merely a dull story, neither more ethical nor more superficial than nine-tenths of the stories that are showered on us every day. But we live in hope that No. 2 will justify the solemn preface.*]
SHARP, E.—Wymps, and other Fairy Tales, illus., 4/6 net.....Lane
SMITH C.—The Backslider, 2 vols.....Bentley
SPENCE, C. S.—Earl Rognvald and his Forbears. 3/6 net.....Unwin
[*These "Glimpses of Life in Early Norse Times in Orkney and Shetland" are capital. Children will find it a most entertaining story-book, and their pleasure will be shared by older folk. Mrs. Spence has a vigorous style, in keeping with her heroic material.*]
STABLES, G.—Shoulder to Shoulder, 5/-.....J. F. Shaw
SULLIVAN, J. F.—Belial's Burdens, illustrated by the Author....Dent
TARBET, W. G.—In Oor Kailyard, 2/6.....Arrowsmith
[*A very creditable specimen of the kind of fiction which the Chronicles of Thrums have made so popular. Mr. Tarbet has a sense of humour and deals discriminatingly with Scotch character.*]
Ugly Man, by Author of 'A House of Tears," 3/6.....Downey
Waverley, Stories from, for Children, by H. Gassiot, 2/6.....Black

NEW EDITIONS.

DICKENS, C.—The Complete Works of, 21 vols., 1/- per vol. Chapman
[*A complete Dickens for a guinea is a marvel. "The Pickwick Papers" and "Martin Chuzzlewit" have already appeared in most creditable form. We should have preferred a plainer binding, but the adornment is inoffensive, and it is carping to find fault with what is in many respects an admirable popular edition. It will be complete in a few months' time.*]
FLETCHER, J. S.—When Charles the First was King.....Gay & Bird
HUNGERFORD, Mrs.—Nora Creina, 3/6.....Hutchinson
[*A lively, wholesome, and charming story.*]

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2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
'Bookman' Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. C. D.—A most wholesome story. The medical faculty might find fault with it, for years of such a pampered life as your heroine led must have engendered some malady. A minor story paper might accept it for its healthy moral.

A. M. D.—You have the gift of words. This fluency may mean real power. I cannot judge from a thing which is all rhapsody. It does not test thought, nor the sense of proportion, nor imagination very much. But fluency is a good gift, if well supported.

Aspirant, London.—Such a mistake could not have ruined a young man's prospects. Newspapers are full of such, and go blithely on, without apology. That a lord should be upset into a river would not set London talking. Perhaps the young man was morbid, and exaggerated the effect of his mistake. His editor would only have rated him, other editors would have laughed maliciously, nothing more. But the young man was not a born writer if he could make the reflection at the end. Your story is not unpromising for your years.

Carita.—The motives of the verses are good. But both sets are too long for the matter you have put into them, and the words are a little commonplace.

Erica.—There is one good scene, where the humble lover turns scornfully upon his selfish mistress. Otherwise there is very little reality about the story. One can take little interest in lovers so half-hearted. You should show more clearly whether or not you mean to make game of D. from the beginning. I should guess not from your tone, and yet you speak of her determination to play the Beatrice to the poet's Dante, and make her act the stupid critic when he talks of "the everlasting moorlands."

E. K. D.—You have talent. I don't think much of the diary as machinery in the plot. And I don't quite realise the young woman. In her second stage she was a *poseuse*. Why may I not think she was so always? You should omit that second stage, or laugh at it more, or explain it better. You will write well when you give up being smart. The story would be better from a literary point of view if weeded of some of its clevernesses. But as it is it has a fair chance of being accepted, and I wish you success.

E. P.—The style is dull, but the plot of the story is good enough. Try one of the more old-fashioned story-papers.

F. G. B.—It sounds very pretty, but I don't understand it. Verse 2 is fairly comprehensible. Why, in verse 3, do you say, "lift thy face unto the light" when you have just remarked that it is very dark?

M. E. Hal.—The story is told altogether from the outside. It should have chiefly concerned one of the three men, or all of them. But they are shadows. Even the widow is a shadow. The lookers-on at the tragedy get all your attention. A west-country newspaper might accept it. It would hardly be worth while sending it to the magazines you mention.

Iris.—A very nice little tale. You should mention that the ex-convict got a "free pardon" before the marriage took place. Alter that very vague sentence about the questions on the notice paper. You have chosen a very easy version of the escaped convict story. Suppose he had been guilty, or even not good-looking, what should and would D. have done? The conversational parts are poor.

Jecobus.—Very fair verse.

"Faint be my effort, but, etc.,"

should be—

"Faint though my effort, yet, etc."

Klaus.—The idea is amusing, and there are bright passages, but a good deal of it is forced. You do not want a literary, but a stage test, applied to such a thing. If you could have it acted, or even read, by amateurs, it would show you where to cut and where the thing hangs fire. I confess I have skipped some of it, for the handwriting is cruel to an editor's eyes. I should have given a less vague judgment had the MS. been more legible.

Maurice MacVicker.—The sentimental verses might be accepted by a minor family magazine. They have a frail prettiness about them. The facetious ones do not seriously ask for criticism. I cannot judge of your merits from these. Perhaps prose is a more fitting medium for what you have to say.

M. F.—Begin at "Billy lived." The introduction is useless; no one would dispute your contention. There are loose sentences, *e.g.*, p. 2, "The boy's parents—despair." I like the beginning of the story, but don't see the use of the melancholy end; and I cannot believe that a sharp London boy like B. would have muddled an address. Supposing N. had lived, what would have happened? That is a more useful and interesting problem.

Nauticus.—A most impressive plot. Manner a little hysterical. If you could use sober language, not try to pile on effect by useless adjectives, you might learn to write, and use profitably your many experiences. You have some notion of rhythm in your sentences. At present it is rhetorical rather than literary. But even the style is not unpromising.

Harrie Ongley.—Verses middling. Metre halts sometimes, and rhymes are uncertain. Not much in it. I shall read the novelette if you send it.

O. C.—Not very satisfactory. But I don't want to be too discouraging, as you seem to wish for some outlet to your genuine emotions. There is not quite enough stuff in the verses. Your metres are unhappy. You have very little sense of melody, else you could not have written "With a sodd'ning palling," and your rhymes are careless; Weeping, seeking; room, soon; listen, mission; Londoners, blunderers; conjurors; are a few examples. Stop your fluency.

O. P.—An interesting paper, especially where you deal with the subject according to nationalities. It is more adapted for reading at an essay society than for print. There is just enough matter in it for easy listening—hardly enough for reading, and what there is is a little elementary. What do you mean by "moral suasion is a very *fin de siècle* virtue"? I suppose you mean "modern virtue."

Pegasus.—The subject of your longest poem might be satisfactorily treated at this length in a novel. In verse, it should be compressed into a stanza or two. Could you do it? The "Night" sonnet is the better, but it has a very weak ending. The other is not good.

John Quill.—Yes, it gives an idea of a beautiful country. But it presents no picture. I could hardly tell the character of the landscape, and that is what you want to do, according to your expressed ambition. The ambition is interesting, and I hope you will persist in it. These verses I should call promising—though a little vague.

Rex.—Begins well. I like it less afterwards. It gets a little mawkish. You have in the end described a sentimental rather than a deep and loyal affection. But it is carefully written, and by a religious story paper might be accepted.

R. U. F.—Very brightly written. You are unjust to F., who was, I am sure, much the better human being of the two; and certainly more interesting. But yours is the popular judgment. You should succeed. I think you might omit the little homily, pp. 6-7, or insert the pith of it in C.'s letter.

S. W. R.—Creditable, especially on the moral side. But it is hardly strong enough to have a chance of being accepted. The verses are poor. Both prose and verse are lacking in matter. They are thin.

S. L. D.—Never completely translated, I think. A short selection appeared in a cheap form in the Scott Library.

Willoughby West.—As a first exercise in fiction this may pass. But I don't think such writing is very useful to you. You would do better to wait till you have grown, read, and thought a little more. What is "self (with a S)"?

Frances Whyte.—I think it was a mistake to write it in verse Do not such lines as "Though I learnt from various masters all a well-bred maiden ought," and "I know Wilfrid well: his nature is more noble than your own," strike you as a little absurd? In prose the story might not be very striking, but it would be useful, and would, at least, have a rather better chance of acceptance than in verse.

M. W. B.—Your characters are nice simple folks, but a little too dull to make a story out of, unless you were to satirise them, and you are much too good-natured to do that. I fear I cannot give you much encouragement to persevere in writing fiction.

X. (Cork).—(1) Very good. A really excellent translation, save that in verse 3 you have used an epithet of which there is no suggestion in the original. (2) Good, but hardly worth translating.

ZADIG.—You have touched on an interesting subject, have made one or two very shrewd remarks and one or two very superficial ones. I don't think you will make much of your theme till you decide to limit and define it. Consider it in connection with good fiction, or with bad; better still with special books. Criticise the use of this Weapon in the hands of the Masters or of the Bunglers. An observation that holds good of the one is not true of the other. There is a market for this kind of thing, if it be particularly good.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Bible Helps, the Illustrated Bible and a New Concordance, edited by W. Wright, illustrated, 7/6.....Gowans
BROOKE, Rev. H.—Personal Consecration, 2/6.....Nisbet
Cambridge Bible: Isaiah, ch. 1-39, by Rev. J. Skinner, 4/- Cambridge Univ. Press
CARTER, G.—The Gospel according to St. Luke, 1/6.....Relfe
[*The introduction and numerous notes seem specially adapted for the use of candidates for examination.*]
COWAN, H.—The Influence of the Scottish Church in Christendom, 3/6 Black
For Each New Day, Daily Portions, illustrated by Extracts from Eminent Preachers, 3/6.....Nisbet
Hallowing of Sorrow, with Preface by H. S. Holland, 2/-.....Masters
HARNACK, Dr. A.—History of Dogma, translated by N. Buchanan, vol. 2, 10/9.....Williams & Norgate
LEWIS, Rev. W. P.—The Life to Come, 2/- net.....C. Taylor
Life of our Ladye, Scriptural, Traditional, etc., compiled by M.P., 5/- K. Paul
MILDMAY, Rev. St. J.—Laureates of the Cross, Six Sermons, 2/6 Stock
New Life in Christ Jesus, edited by J. Field, Introduction by Very Rev. F. W. Farrar, 5/-.....Innes
PLUMMER, Rev. A.—Commentary on Luke, 12/-.....T. & T. Clarke
Seed Basket, The.....Allenson
[*Outlines of sermons, Sunday-school and temperance meeting addresses, etc.*]
SPURGEON, C. H.—Words of Advice to Seekers, 2/-.....Passmore
SPURGEON, C. H.—Teachings of Nature in the Kingdom of Grace Passmore
[*Contains the first sermon of Spurgeon's that was ever printed, preached in 1854.*]
SPURGEON, C. H.—Words of Counsel for Christian Workers Passmore
[*Short homilies brightly illustrated by anecdote.*]
TOWNSEND, Rev. J. H.—Still Upward, Studies on the Second Half of the Church's Year, 3/6
WEBSTER, Rev. F. S.—Set to Obey, or Christ in Daily Life, 2/6 Nisbet
Work of the Church in London, with Introductory Lecture by Bishop of London, 3/6.....Murray

FICTION.

ALEXANDER, Mrs.—A Golden Autumn, a Novel, 6/-.... F. V. White
ASHTON, J.—Inmates of the Mansion, an Allegory, illus, 2/6....Digby
AUSTEN, J.—Emma, illustrated by Hugh Thomson, 3/6.....Macmillan
BAKER, J.—The Gleaming Dawn, 6/- ..... Chapman
[*A stirring historical romance of the times of the Wycliffites and Husites. The writer's intimate knowledge of Bohemia, which he has shown in a former book, "Pictures from Bohemia," is utilised effectively here.*]
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BARRIE, J. M.—Sentimental Tommy, 6/- ..... Cassell
BALDWIN, Rev. J. R.—Indian Gup, Untold Stories of the Indian Mutiny, 6/- ..... Beeman
BEAUMONT, M.—Joan Seaton, a Story of Percival Dion. 4/6 net Dent
BEHENNA, K.—The History of a Soul, 5/- net..... Digby & Long
BEHENNA, K.—Sidartha, a Story of Mystery, 6/- .....Digby & Long
BLACK, C.—The Princess Dé i ée, illus., 6/- .....Longmans
[*See p. 125.*]
BLAND, E. A.—The Next Thing, 2/6.....J. F. Shaw
Boarding-House Reminiscences. By Juloc, 2/6..... Unwin
[*An amusing study of numerous boarding-house types in London, at the seaside, Rome, and elsewhere, with good illustrations.*]
BOSANQUET, Mrs. B.—Rich and Poor, 3/6 net ..... Macmillan
BURGIN, G. B.—Tomalyn's Quest, 6/-.....Innes
Beeton's Christmas Annual, 1896, 1/-..... Ward, Lock
[*This year's Annual more than sustains its long repute. It contains a novel by E. P. Train, called "A Social Highwayman," and several entertaining contributions by Mr. Guy Boothby, Mr. Pett Ridge, and other popular writers.*]
CAMERON, Mrs. L.—Two Cousins and a Castle, 3/6.....F. V. White
CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Maker of Moons, 6/-.....Putnams
CHARLETON, R. J.—The Picture of the King, 6/-..... Gay & Bird
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CRAIG, R. MANIFOLD.—A Widow well Left, 6d.....Roxburghe Press
[*A readable Anglo-Indian story, uniting the novel of manners with the novel of adventure.*]
Daudet's Jack, trans. by L. Ensor, 2/6 .....Dent
DEBENHAM, M. H.—Holiday Tasks, a Story for Children, illus., 3/6 Jarrold
DRINKWATER, J. M.—Choosing and Chosen, 3/6 ..... J. F. Shaw
ELLIS, E. S.—Shod with Silence; The Phantom of the River, 2/6 each ..... Cassell
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[*There is an excellent idea in the story, and we follow the fortunes of the "Failures" who were benefited by Oriva's benevolence with much interest. But we resent the thought of the benevolent Oriva being a Failure, too, in the end. We are indignant with the tragedy at the close.*]
GROVES, Lieut.-Col. P.—Scotland for Ever, illus., 5/-.....Routledge
HAMILTON, M.—McLeod of the Camerons, 6/-.....Heinemann
HARTIER, O. and M.—Home Brewed from the West Country, 2/- Simpkin
HERBERT, P.—A Study in Sex.....Lamley
[*A rather dull problem novel.*]
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HOBBS, D.—Tales of Black-Country Life, 3/6.....Stock
HOLMES, F.—A Man among Men, 3/6.....Digby & Long
HUNT, V.—The Way of Marriage, illus., 6/-.....Chapman & Hall
[*See p. 125.*]
HUTCHINSON, J. R.—The Quest of the Golden Pearl, illus., 3/6 Ward & Downey
IRWIN, H. C.—A Man of Honour, 6/-.....Black
JEBB, Mrs. G.—Some Unconventional People, 3/6.....Blackwood
[*See p. 124.*]
JELF, E. A.—Eileen's Journey, History in Fairyland, 10/6.....Murray
JEWETT, S. O.—The Country of the Pointed Firs, 5/-.....Unwin
KELLY, Mrs. T.—A Leddy in her ain Richt, 6/-.....Hurst
KIELLAND, A. L.—Norse Tales and Sketches, 5/-.....Stock
KNIGHT, F. A.—In the West Country, illus, 6/-.....Simpkin
LILBURN, A.—The Borderer, 6/-.....Smith, Elder
Lifeguardsman, The, a Tale of the English Revolution, 6/-.....Black
[*See p. 125.*]
LYS, C.—The Dunthorpes of Westleigh, 6/-.....Downey
MCCHESNEY, D. G.—Miriam Cromwell, Royalist, 6/-.....Blackwood
MARSTON, L.—Love Conquers, 2/6.....J. F. Shaw
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MILMAN, H.—In the Garden of Peace, illustrated, 5/- net.....Lane
MITCHELL, K.—Nipkin, illustrated, 2/6..... .....Dent
[*See p. 127.*]
More Echoes from the Oxford Magazine, 5/-.....Froude
MORIER, J.—Adventures of Hajji Baba, edited by C. J. Wills, illus., 21/- net.....Lawrence & Bullen
NICHOLSON, J. L.—After Long Waiting, 2 vols., 12/-.....Hurst
OUIDA.—Le Selve, 2/6.....Unwin
[*See p. 124.*]
OXLEY, J. M.—On the World's Roof.....Nisbet
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Byron, Lord, Works of, edited by W. E. Henley: vol. 1, Letters, 1804-1813, 5/- net....Heinemann
[*See p.* 114.]

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Napoleon Buonaparte, Life of, by S. B. Gould, illustrated, 36/- Methuen

Ogilvy, Margaret, by her Son, J. M. Barrie, 5/-..Hodder & Stoughton
[*See p.* 110.]

OLIVER, W. D.—Crags and Craters, Rambles in the Island of Reunion, 6/-....Longmans

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